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THE

# STAFF OFFICER;

OR,

# THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY OLIVER MOORE.

94429

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn; good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# THE STAFF OFFICER;

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## CHAPTER I.

——— I ran it through
Even from my boyish days!

A MAN's actions during the first years of his life are so little dependent on himself, that he can neither claim much merit for any virtue they exhibit, nor incur great blame for their folly. The good and the evil of our childhood properly belong to the parent or guardian whose authority we are bound to respect, and whose example we are taught to imitate.

From my fifth year to the age of eight I was doomed to endure the horrors of a preparatory

school, kept by a prim old maid, under the discipline of whose thimble finger my head smarted ten times a day for alleged stupidity. But at that joyous stage of life, being released from the petticoat, I was entered on the roll of junior boys at a large academy near Trinity College, Dublin, where my two senior brothers had already been established upwards of two years.

The elder was from my earliest recollections an eccentric boy, reserved even to bashfulness in manner; cold, formal, and pedantic in address; embarrassed, if not awkward, in carriage: although with a personal appearance every way prepossessing, he seldom made his way in company; tormented with morbid sensitiveness of feeling, which formed the great drawback on his youthful pleasures, he was perpetually fancying some slight or neglect, where none was ever contemplated; his noble sense of justice in all his schoolboy transactions, his inflexible fidelity to truth, even under the terrors of that punishment which was ever sure to follow the avowal of any act of insubordination or misconduct, had much endeared him to the regard of our worthy master, whose feelings

were oftentimes placed in painful conflict with his duty. But having one hundred of us to control, the benevolent wishes of the kindest and best of hearts were forced to yield to stern duty.

Excellent man! how well do I recollect his pompous strut across the brief court-yard which separated the school-room from his house of residence; and the audible *hawks!* and *hems!* with which he never failed to give tidings of his approach. The boisterous noise of five score tongues, and twice as many hands, was in an instant subdued into broken murmurs, and before his well-powdered head displayed its snowy honors in the school-room, all was mute, save the soft hum of affected application to the lessons of the morning.

With buckles bright as his own imagination—shoes like polished ebony—broad-striped silk stockings, (erst called *patent,*) with toes most gracefully pointed, in measured pace he moved on towards his throne, kindly returning those respectful salutations which the senior boys, spite of their flushed and moistened brows, and still panting breasts, presumed to bestow. Our master was of commanding figure and fine countenance—an

excellent scholar—tolerably fair poet—inveterate punster—a walking dictionary of classical quotations; and, better than all these, a kind, an honest, and religious man!

In the front rank of riot and rebellion my second brother was ever to be found: on every outrage or disorder in the school, the finger of suspicion usually pointed at him: he was at once a dangerous and agreeable associate for the companions of his form. His passion for disputation was so strong, that he frequently got up charges against himself for the eclat of making his bold and ingenious defence; for, to the honor of our worthy master, he never punished without hearing all that could be urged in refutation of an alleged offence, or in palliation of an admitted one; and when he found a defence exhibit signs of genius, the mildness of the chastisement, and the readiness with which his ear caught the cry of *pardon, Sir, pardon!* from sympathising class-fellows, proved at once the goodness of heart, and the pride of the master. This brother was destined for the bar—he remained but one year at school after my entrance, and had he not been removed by our parents, the necessity of ridding the esta-

blishment of such an unruly member would have compelled the principal to risk their friendship by soliciting his removal. Volatile and capricious by nature, overbearing from long habits of indulgence, and occasionally tyrannical, the boy felt the mildest discipline as an intolerable restraint; and being perniciously indulged with unlimited pocket-money by a doating mother, he *bought* boys' golden opinions instead of earning them. Poor fellow! he terminated his earthly career at the age of four-and-twenty! the victim of that premature debility which precocity in every species of debauch and dissipation engenders.

As for myself, I was anything but the sheepish pedant my elder brother *appeared*—I had more of the milk of human kindness in me than the other. With not one quarter of the solid talents of the former, (who remained at our school,) I was extolled as a prodigy of early capacity, and eternally thrown in his teeth as obtaining the start of him: this false elevation gave me pain, for I was conscious how little I deserved it.

The faculty of memory was in me so powerful, that, on a single reading, the remembrance of a whole chapter became an easy task: added to

this, I wrote at the age of ten a beautiful hand, and as quick as thought; so that when others were toiling over the fair copy of their exercises for the morning, mine were already finished, and under the inspection of the first usher; I was a *hare* amongst the *tortoises*—and no more: they all beat me in the long run!

Bold and loquacious abroad, I was at home all diffidence and modesty; not from hypocrisy, for that vice I ever did and ever shall despise; but there I was borne down and subdued by my imperious second brother, who made me his fag; in return however I was allowed to ride his pony every evening, and to figure away each Thursday and Saturday at our dancing academy, in his cast-off dress-pumps, and a pair of repudiated silk stockings.

My eldest brother, an eccentric by nature, vibrating in his choice of professions between the pulpit and the bar, determined in externals to imitate the gravity of both, and invariably appeared on our dancing evenings in a suit of sables: the solemnity of his smile when soliciting the hand of the daughter of some man of figs or tallow for the dance, was truly awful; it was

(as Curran, I believe, once observed in a similar case) like the platings on a coffin! while his intended compliments were so elaborately pedantic, as to be wholly misunderstood by those to whom they were addressed.

He too was bred to the law, but the law was not *bread* to him: he chose the humbler rank of the profession; but he was too kind-hearted, too much the slave of truth, honor, and good feeling, ever to prosper in a line of life, in which (with reverence be it said to the few who adorn *that*, as they undoubtedly would any other profession) the absence of all these qualities proves the most certain road to wealth and success.

Up to the commencement of my thirteenth year I had never been separated from my family. During the summer season we usually passed three or four months at Lucan, a delightful village within seven miles of Dublin, and nearly adjoining the romantic Leixlip, celebrated for its various beauties in that ancient ditty.

"Though Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
Its cool-falling waters and murm'ring cascades."

At this place my mother had established a kind

of draw-farm, where (although an eternal complainant of the infidelity and *inconstancy* of her spouse) she contrived to rear ten out of *nineteen* children, which she had borne him!

My father almost every year passed a month or six weeks in the south of Ireland, of which province he was a native, and in a lovely and far-famed portion of which his family at some early period of the national history must have held no inconsiderable rank, to judge from the circumstance that a town (which yet presents the remains of ancient grandeur) derives its name from being the *burial place of the clan*, and that it to this hour presents the spectacle of two immense piles of skulls, which when again embodied will present an army of many thousand sinners!

He also made occasional trips to England, on one of which I was allowed to draw lots with my second brother for the chance of accompanying him. Whether for future good or evil, the luck (as I then deemed it) was mine, and in the summer of 1790 I left home for the first time, contemplating with a throbbing heart the various

scenes and changes through which I was destined to pass in the course of my journey.

My wardrobe was considerably enlarged for the occasion. Amongst other finery I found a blue coat with orange-velvet cuffs and collar, and gilt buttons, which were impressed with the equestrian figure of William III.—the inscription *1st July*, 1690, beneath. Little did I then know the nature of the badge I so proudly wore; but it was my first and last appearance in the character of an ORANGE-MAN! The reasons for this masquerade were as follow:—

Our route for England was to be pursued by way of the north of Ireland and Scotland; and my father determined to indulge me with a sight of the grand raree-show, which all the good and loyal Protestants of the north had for the previous six months been engaged in getting up, to celebrate the centenary of the *Battle of the Boyne!* The uniform fixed on by the Orange committee for the occasion was that which I have described: those however who were to take a distinguished part in the processions, wore, besides the orange-cuffs and collar, silken scarfs and knee-bands of their much beloved colour.

I observed, that while my father dressed me up for this grand display in the costume of assumed loyalty, he did not wear the uniform himself, but appeared in the regimentals of the volunteer corps, the Dublin Liberty Rangers, of which he was a member: it was scarlet with facings of green; thus indulging his irradicable love for the colour of the land of his birth, without appearing in the least degree to slight the ceremony, or compromise his *loyal* feelings!

## CHAPTER II.

The first of July in old Bridge Town
There was a grievous battle.
OLD ORANGE SONG.

WE reached Drogheda on the 30th of June: the business of the next day was commenced by a furious cannonade on the Banks of the Boyne, which must have frightened every spangled salmon from his oozy retreat. At noon half the population was up to the knees in water; the battle however was waged in harmless style. Duke Schomberg was shot with a *squib* in the ford at Old Bridge; and King William, mounted on a white charger, and dressed up with a huge wig and tin cuirass, led on his troops in person to the attack of the *undefended* left bank of the Boyne, where (instead of warlike representations of poor King James's army) he was received by the

" whole corporation, just-asses and mayor" of the right worshipful, the right loyal, and *then* ultra-Orange town of Drogheda!

While in this neighbourhood, I had an opportunity of seeing the beautiful demesne of Collon, the seat of the late Lord Oriel, a treat worth a journey of a hundred miles at any time, and also Slane Castle, that of the present Marquess of Conyngham. The town itself, although I saw it of course to great advantage, crowded with all the neighbouring nobility and gentry, appeared to me a most agreeable and fashionable place; as well paved and lighted as the best part of the metropolis. During the week of festivity, the theatre was every night crowded to the ceiling. It was under the management of Mr. O'Neill, father of that delightful tragedian, whose retirement from the dramatic world has left a void which will probably never be filled with equal talent. From what I recollect of the performances they were execrable: if such was Miss O'Neill's Thespian school, she must indeed have been a heaven-born actress! One laughable incident I well remember: during the performance of the *Agreeable Surprize,* (in which the once celebrated

Cornelys was the Lingo,) a person meanly attired forced his way into the pit (which was nearly on a level with the stage) without taking the trouble, or indeed having the means to *pay*. The manager, jumping over the narrow orchestra, sprung upon the insolvent intruder, and fairly kicked him out of doors!—he then with a degree of activity (remarkable for such a stout heavy man) sprang again on the boards, and went through the remainder of his part, that of the *kind* and *hospitable* Sir FELIX FRIENDLY with spirit and applause.

From Drogheda we proceeded through the rural town of Dundalk, thence to the thriving and mercantile one of Newry—on to Belfast the ultonian metropolis. At all these places the Orange mania raged; but not with that fierce and ferocious spirit which disgraced its partizans of later years. My father continued to wear his volunteer uniform; I my blue and Orange, which would of themselves have proved passports to welcome and good cheer in this hospitable town, even without the introductory letters which my father brought to some of the most respectable merchants of that flourishing mart of industry and

enterprize, Belfast. During our short stay at this town, I was indulged with an excursion to the Giant's Causeway, which struck me then as it did in after years, when I viewed it with more attention, as one of those extraordinary features of nature which once seen can never be forgotten.

On our progress towards the port of embarkation we passed the neat little towns of Lisburn, (its bleaching grounds presenting alternate streaks of emerald green and snowy white, extending far as the eye could reach,) of Hillsborough, and lastly, *Donaghadee*,—(Heaven help the English jaws attempting to pronounce this awful name with its due guttural force!) These pretty towns, which do credit to the province, were but named and passed. "*The wind sat on the shoulder of our sail;*" and in three hours, from land to land, we found ourselves safely on shore at *Port Patrick!* Heaven bless the name! had it been ST. ANDREW it would not have sounded half so sweet to the ear of the Irish boy, whose foot for the first time pressed the sod of a foreign land.

How we got to Edinburgh I neither knew nor heeded; not seeing any thing in the land of cakes to admire, or engage my particular attention, un-

til I reached the capital, when all was new, strange, and astonishing to me. The inequality of the ground, the apparently interminable height of the buildings, the garb, the accent, and employments of the lower orders, were all subjects of deep attention and surprise; not unmixed with feelings, little complimentary to the Caledonian character and habits. The new town was then becoming thickly inhabited; that portion called the old town (already but too much in "*mal odeur*") was voted a bore; yet it was in that part of Auld Reekie that our quarters lay. After two long days (which to me seemed an age) we took our leave of modern Athens, accompanied by a fellow traveller, if I may so term a lady, who had been on a visit to some northern friends, and who was introduced by our hostess as "*an agreeable companion in a post-chaise.*" She was a woman of extremely engaging face and good person, but whom I thought a superannuated being—I should presume she was nearly forty years of age! After the usual ceremonies and arrangements as to expense, &c., we took our seats; each of the adults occupied their corner, whilst I sat in the centre as *bodkin*, rather stinted in room. I

was induced occasionally to stand up and loll out of the front, to indulge my curiosity by a view of the country; during which my ever gallant sire made some observations, inaudible to me, to his fair companion, on the beauty of the prospect I suppose. Whatever they were, it was evident they were not displeasing, as the flushed cheek and sparkling eye of the lady gave testimony.

On arriving at our stage—Berwick, I believe—late in the evening, some conversation took place in low whispers, in which I could hear "*the child*" often mentioned. Whatever was the nature of their confabulation, it appeared to have ended in the most amicable understanding. The lady, taking me by the hand, called me "*her dear*," and led me into the house, while papa superintended the unloading of our joint luggage. Every comfort the good inn afforded was lavished on me, and my kind protectress herself took the trouble to put me to bed, bestowing on me at parting a kiss so maternal, that it set my young mind on the spirit of conjecture for a full hour. Youth and nature, however, asserted their claims, and I was locked in profound sleep, when the summons to rise was

given next morning. On descending to the parlour, the cheerful looks of both parties, the handsome nosegay presented to me by the lady, who, by the way, appeared ten years younger for the good night's rest and a bountiful breakfast, made me one of the happiest of boys.

On setting out that morning, I was indulged with a corner seat to myself, in order to have my full view of the country, the lady condescending to accept of the bodkin seat; surely nothing, I thought, could be more amiably kind. Thus we proceeded on our journey, all parties in the highest spirits, until we reached Newcastle, where, at the inn door, the husband of the lady waited to receive her. The warm terms in which she bore testimony to my papa's kind attentions to her during the journey, added to the inexpressible joy she evinced at once more meeting her dear Hambleton after a painful separation of six weeks, absolutely brought tears of gratitude into the reverend and unsuspicious eyes of the good shovel-hatted husband; and the sonorous smack which, with uxorious incaution he bestowed on the pouting lip of his beloved at the conclusion of her rhapsody, proved at once his confidence and connu-

bial bliss. The whole party had tea together very comfortably; and we retired at nine o'clock, after a very tender parting on our sides with the parson and his amiable lady.

At six the next morning we were packed into a stage coach of six inside, and were not to break our fast till we reached Darlington. Stage-coaches in those days did not get over the ground as they do at present, at the ten-miles-an-hour pace; neither was their construction very well calculated for repose. I became heartily sick of the morning's jaunt; and leaning my head on the shoulder of my next neighbour—(a worthy old lady, who, with her husband and two fat fubsy daughters, were on the route from Newcastle to Manchester, by way of Leeds,) I tried to compose myself for a nap; but I found it as impossible to keep my eyes open as my ears shut; the old gentleman and his wife snored a Lancashire duet, which was the death of sleep! while, on the opposite seat, my worthy dad, entertaining the young ladies in his peculiar way, seemed quite at home. What he could possibly see, hear, feel, or understand, in these lasses, to call forth such torrents of flattery as he poured on them, I could not for the life of me

discover. From my earliest recollections, I hated (like Byron) a *dumpy* woman. These girls were both so: both had light, frizly, flaxen hair, large blue bogle eyes, fine but neglected teeth, most redundant bosoms, with a peculiarity of shape in the lower moiety of their persons, which would render them liable to a double charge for sitting room in any place or vehicle where seats were let by admeasurement. I abhorred his bad taste, and kept a most perverse silence, although repeatedly invited to engage in conversation with them. My father contrived to divide his attentions with so much tact, that each seemed equally flattered and gratified; and when at Leeds the parting moments arrived, he bestowed on each, with the consent of the laughing parents, a kiss, which lasted thirty seconds by the clock of the cloth hall! The good old lady gave us an invitation to her house in Watergate Street, Manchester, should we ever visit that town; a compliment in which the daughters most heartily joined. In the progress of our journey southward that day, I happened to remark that I thought our late fellow-travellers *very ugly!* an observation at which my father laughed most heartily, replying, "My good boy,

'take my word for it there is no such thing as a perfectly ugly woman in the creation; the plainest of them have some redeeming point of beauty." He was, to be sure, an authority on that subject, and I became silent.

## CHAPTER III.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy in every busy street
Mingling are heard.
——————— thy crowded port,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn.

Our last night on the road was passed at Barnet, shortly after leaving which, London, vast London, broke on my astonished view, the extent of which my eyes in vain attempted to embrace; I fancied every inch of the road a mile, from Highgate to town. But how great was my mortification and disappointment, after all I had heard and read of its splendor, on reaching it, the reader may imagine when he learns that our route lay through its vilest avenues; filthy Smithfield, and all those narrow nasty lanes which led to the George Inn, Aldermanbury. When my father gave his direc-

tions to the post-boy at Barnet, I fully persuaded myself we were on our way to the house of some civic friend of his, and was cruelly grieved on our halt to discover that Alderman Bury was a place—and not a person! However, it had often before been my father's earliest resting-place, as his business was in the first instance confined to that portion of the metropolis exclusively termed the "city." As that which now brought him to London would not detain him in that quarter above two or three days, he determined for my sake to get through it quickly, and afterwards seek our pleasures at the more fashionable end of the town. His affairs appeared to have been satisfactorily settled: whatever was the nature of them, I was most materially benefited, as besides a present of three guineas to lay out *just as I pleased*, my father purchased a variety of articles of dress for me, vastly superior in cut and quality to any I had ever seen on our side of the channel. I was quite enraptured with my situation and with his liberality, and this grateful feeling kept me silent as the grave as to many little things I had perceived of his gambolings and frolics during our short sojourn, and upon all of which I was doomed

to undergo a most severe cross examination when I returned home.

As there was nothing to be seen in the nature of *sights*, which would not appear gothic to dwell on in this age of refinement, and as the impressions on the mind of a boy could not prove interesting to the reader of any age, I pass over the delightful six weeks we spent in London and its vicinity: the incident which gratified me most was the sight of George the Third, his queen, and their then lovely family promenading on the terrace at Windsor, a sight which made my young heart throb with delight! I was always a loyalist —I believe the spiced claret, the sweetmeats, jellies, and sugar creams which I had for several successive years revelled in at Dublin Castle on the nights of state, first inspired me with the love of loyalty. The sweetmeats of a higher order have been known to exercise their influence on older and wiser heads: the fact is, my father, who was a licensed dangler on whatever administration existed, always had tickets for my brothers and myself for the chamberlain's box on the birth and other gala nights at the Irish court, and on these occasions we were profusely regaled from time to

time with the aforesaid good things. Alas! how shorn of its splendor that same court appeared, when in 1804 I was myself a visitor and guest, compared to what I remembered it from 1790 to 1794, when our only duke, with all our marquesses, and a crowd of coronets of the other degrees of nobility, graced the vice-regal saloon! There no Orange alderman nor upstart attorney dared to tread on the heel of the noble: but times are altered! To return to my journey: —having visited every thing worthy of notice within half a day's jaunt of London, we set out in the first week of September, on our return, by the route of Coventry and Chester, to Parkgate. I presume my dad quite forgot his promise to the fat fair ones of Watergate Street, and I had no wish to remind him of his implied engagement to visit these amiable spinning-jennies.

Arriving at Sutton Coldfield rather late in the evening, where my father was under a promise to pass the night, I was very much struck with the appearance of the various furnaces, the red and ardent flames from which pierced through the dingy clouds of vapour which overhung them. We were received at the house of my father's

acquaintance with a tradesman-like courtesy. He was a man of business, and business only; every action was mechanical; he seemed to weigh in his mind every mouthful I devoured, as if shocked at my voracity; but his untimely remark —"*The Staffordshire air seems to have given you a sharp appetite, young gentleman,*" instantly threw a flag of truce over the wall of a raised pie, which I was at the moment going to attack. I grounded my arms, and shortly after retired to bed with only half a supper—for *me*, but one which a boy of less gastronomic vigour would have considered a very fair meal.

I have often had occasion to observe with disgust how prone the English of a certain class of life—those for example who have acquired wealth by hard industry—are, to make remarks on the appetites of their guests. In the country I had left, the good folks of all ranks—even the poorest who keep such a thing as a table—think they can never be too liberal to their friends, and feel dissatisfied unless they press the best of what they possess upon their guests: this too is occasionally oppressive, but it is an error on the side of hospitality. On the contrary I have ever

found that with the English of that class which comprises retired traders, fat farmers, snug country half squires, and certain parsons, one cannot recommend himself to their esteem more assuredly than by a sparing use of the eatables and drinkables!

The English gentleman is, of course, like the gentleman of every country; while he stands unequalled by all others in the comforts and elegancies of his table—not outdone by any in genuine and well-bred hospitality.

Some matter of business detained my father till eleven the next morning, and as we had breakfasted at eight, I was by that time quite in good appetite for what in Ireland we called *shack*, in England *lunch;* but nothing was paraded to tempt us, notwithstanding the repeated questions, "*Wont you take something before you go?*"—"Do take a bit of some'at"—"What *would* you like?"—which to my mind meant no more than—"*Stand not on the order of your going, but go at once.*" So off we set, I muttering execrations against the inhospitality of the country, my father laughing at my annoyance.

## CHAPTER IV.

I'll wear him in my heart's core;
Yea, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee, Horatio!

NOTHING occurred on our further route which left a trace on my memory until we reached Chester, where I unexpectedly met with a dear and much beloved acquaintance from Dublin, the Honorable K. E., youngest son of Lord W., a being of unequalled goodness. He was my senior by four or five years, and with a gentleness of spirit peculiarly his own, had borne all my boyish freaks and frailties with more than fraternal forbearance, bestowing on me that advice and instruction, which was the more valued and respected as coming from one so dear to my affections. The very watch I then wore was the gift of his friendship on the preceding Christmas when he left Ireland.

My delight at seeing him was greater than any I had ever experienced; I sprang into his arms and hugged him with the fondness of a child, while he, sometimes holding me from him as if to contemplate my growth and improved appearance since we last met, pressed me to his heart with all the warmth of an affectionate brother. He had been passing the preceding nine months at the house of his former tutor at Wrexham for the benefit of his health, which being happily restored, he was about to return to Dublin to resume his term at Trinity College. Being obliged, however, to wait the arrival of his elder brother from London, who was to take charge of him across the channel, we were deprived of the happiness of each other's society during the voyage. With mutual wishes for a speedy meeting we parted.

Our short land journey, 6, Park Gate, was performed in one of Mr. Paul's crack post-chaises, then noted all over England as the most stylish of public vehicles. The carriage, horses, and driver, were consistently elegant; this was old Paul's hobby; the dazzling bright yellow pannelled chariot body, the plated springs, carpetted steps,

morocco leather squabs and cushions, struck me with amazement, and afforded me something to talk of when describing to my brothers and sisters the other wonders of my tour.

Embarking on board the King George packet, we had a tedious passage, the sea presenting an unruffled calm during the two days in which we *tide-ed* it over; we had the advantage at last of arriving in Dublin Bay just as day broke, when a sight presented itself to which no pen or pencil has ever been found equal to render complete justice.

I have seen magnificent Naples from its bay in the full blaze of the meridian sun, and watched its varying beauties in the softened tints bestowed by its setting rays; and Cadiz, lovely Cadiz! (the Tassa de plata*) rising from its emerald bed with its cluster of alabaster towers and minarets, backed by the gloomy ronda and the towering *Cabeza de Moro*,† on whose dark gorge the town of Medina Sidonia hangs like

* Tassa de plata—Cup of silver, named so by an ancient poet.

† Cabeza de Moro—the Moor's head; the summit of a mountain which on entering Cadiz Bay strikes the eye as a gigantic representation of its name.

a necklace of pearl. But all that I have ever seen of the picturesque and beautiful falls short of that mixture of wild grandeur and loveliness which the vast amphitheatre that girds this bay presents.

Home, which to other boys would have had its charms, to me brought none: I had tasted the sweets of travel, and could not banish from my mind the scenes of our happy journey; although placed on an equal footing with my second brother, and being allowed a pony to myself and indulged with half my week as holidays, I felt a new and hitherto unknown misery embitter my days. My father observed it too, and took several opportunities to sound me on the cause of the loss of that cheerfulness for which I had from infancy been always remarkable. Unfortunately he was not a domestic man; and the unfrequency of our whole family meeting at the same board, except with the company of strangers, deprived us boys of that confidence in addressing our parent which a more natural intimacy would have inspired.

When therefore my eldest brother or myself had a favour to ask, the preparation for it wore out

the time in which its grant would have been desirable. My second brother, who had none of these scruples, with the natural daring of his character, boldly asked: if repulsed, in the first instance, he returned to the charge, nothing dismayed by refusal, and by dint of cajoling, wheedling, bullying, and pouting, he gained his point. My eldest brother, who never could be brought to enter into conversation with his father on any subject save the classics, invariably wrote a letter for the most trifling favor; and *such letters!* one of them, on soliciting the favor of a *cocked hat*; for the dancing evenings, was a standing joke against the pedantic boy for a year. Under his advice, however, I adopted that mode of submitting my request at this juncture. I was the more induced to it from a certain cold distrust which I fancied my father's manner had exhibited towards me for some time past, and which, as I had subsequently reason for believing, proceeded from some severe *curtain* lectures which he had been doomed to undergo after his late English tour; when charges fired off at random were, nevertheless, so true to the mark, that he imagined nothing less but that his little fellow-travel-

ler had either betrayed him in order to curry favor with the home-department, or had not sufficient firmness to stand the cross examinations which the suspicions of a jealous woman suggested.

But he wronged me, on my soul he wronged me! *Truth* demands of me to say I *lied! "lied like an epitaph"* for him, through thick and thin, though assailed on various occasions by my inquisitive mother, and young hopeful, her favorite; my tyrant and tormentor in trifles, but yet my kind and generous brother in all essentials.

The subject of my letter was, a request that my father would endeavour to procure for me a midshipman's berth on board one of the ships then fitting out for the armament against the Russians. A request so wholly unexpected staggered him; for he had other projects in view for me. I watched his countenance for three days, endeavouring to catch from it some indication of his purpose. At length, on the next Sunday morning, I was summoned into his own room, where he received me with his usual kindness, and in the course of half an hour's con-

versation used every argument to dissuade me from such a pursuit, assuring me that he had other and far better prospects for me; that after two years more improvement at school, he would place me in the Custom-House, under the immediate care of a friend, (who was high in office,) where under such patronage, with my promise of ability and quickness, I might aspire to eminence in that service. The kind pains which he took to reason me out of my boyish predilection, when his *veto* would at once have imposed silence on me, lost nothing of its power on a grateful heart. I submitted entirely to his advice, which, to render more palatable to me, he qualified, by adding *that* if at the end of two years my wishes remained unchanged on the subject of the naval service, he would no longer oppose them, but use all his interest to introduce me into it under the most favorable auspices; while dismissing me, he mildly reminded me of my backwardness in many essential points of education, as my readers may possibly have already discovered; and urged me to make up, by immediate and steady application, for lost time. I promised and retired; happy that he had not

interrogated me on the subject of his suspicions of my blabbing.

In a few days after this interview, it was announced to me that I was about to be placed at the academy of Mr. Samuel White, then considered the best in Dublin.

On taking leave of my old master, I received a long, but extremely kind lecture on my levity and inattention to study; added to his sensible advice for my future conduct. Already all unkind recollections of the cat and cane had vanished; I then only thought of our good master's amiable points, his puns, his poetry, his ample and profound explanations on all subjects referred to his judgment; his rigid justice in the distribution of rewards and punishments, amongst a knot of the wildest, and, to say the truth, some of the stupidest young dogs that ever put pedantic patience to the test. I kissed his hand in token of submission and affection, and bade him an eternal farewell! My eldest brother was too much attached to his first and only master to leave him; he therefore declined promotion to the forms of the *Irish Demosthenes*, as Mr. White was then named.

## CHAPTER V.

I shall the effect of thy good lessons keep,
As watchman to my heart.

THE academy of this gentleman was composed of an equal number of boarders and day scholars. Amongst both classes were the sons of noblemen, persons of influence and fortune, and also of those in a less elevated grade of life: in the latter class I place myself. Still there were no invidious distinctions allowed by the principal, or his highly gifted son, then his assistant, and since his respected successor. However rank and fortune may have influenced his conduct towards certain of his pupils in private, in the school-room all were deemed equal; all derived their due portion of care and instruction in their

several classes, and merit alone formed the stepping stone to preeminence.

Mr. White happily lived to see many of his pupils honoring, by their virtues and talents, some of the highest stations in society. More than a dozen of them have, from time to time, been distinguished members of the senate of the United Kingdom; while at the bar, amongst its other ornaments, he beheld one of his early favorites adorning the seat of justice, with all the grace and dignity which, from youth to mature age, has marked the splendid career of that truly estimable man and enlightened judge! The mitre, too, now rests on the head of more than one who imbibed, under his happy auspices, those principles of religion and virtue which prepared their way to the highest clerical honors and dignity.

At this school I passed two of the happiest years of my life. It was the custom of our worthy principal to unite at his house, once or twice a week, a society of the most eminent literary and professional characters of that period, and to these delightful soirées a certain portion of his pupils were regularly invited. On those occasions I had an opportunity of mixing with all the talented persons of the day;

amongst whom were John Kemble, the inimitable Siddons, Mrs. Lefanus, Mrs. Charles Sheridan, Mr. and Miss Edgeworth, General Valancy, and his fellow labourer in antiquarian research, Mr. Ledwich, Mr. Edward Tighe, then M. P. for County Wicklow, Captain Joseph Atkinson, wit, poet, painter, punster, and dramatist. Readings, recitations, and literary conversazione, formed the chief amusements of this sensible assembly: music formed but a slender portion of the treat, although it formed a part of the evening's entertainment.

Our principal was himself considered the best reader of the British drama of his time; and his claims to that honorable distinction were not disputed, when accorded by such authority as the classic Kemble, the splendid Siddons, the energetic Barry (then Mrs. Crawford), and last, though not least, the first Mrs. Pope (formerly Miss Young), one of the most powerful and correct declaimers on the stage.*

* Mrs. Pope was at that time performing with Mrs. Siddons on the Dublin stage, in those tragedies where the cast of characters in no way clashed, and it was a delightful treat to see their united talents brought forth in such parts as Alicia and Jane Shore, Queen

Mr. White had

One fair daughter whom he loved passing well!

Amongst the youth committed to his care, there was one who, at an early age, had distinguished himself above all his compeers for superior talent in dramatic recitation, in which he bore off the first prize for several years. He was a youth of romantic turn of mind, and had studied our

Elizabeth and Rutland, &c. Mr. Pope, late of Drury Lane, who had formerly been an artist of some note, renounced the brush, and took to the buskin; he was at that period a remarkably handsome man, and his fine figure showed itself with striking effect in such characters as the Earl of Essex, Lord Hastings, Pierce, &c. and hardly less elegant or graceful when in the modern costume of Lord Townly, Beverly, &c. He found favor in the eyes of Miss Young, when in the zenith of her maiden popularity she divided the public favor with Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Crawford (once Barry). After the marriage of this talented pair, they attracted brilliant audiences every night of their appearance on the Dublin boards, where Miss Young had always been received with enthusiastic favor. Mr. White having the entrée of the green room with all the familiarity of an old friend and occasional tutor, on congratulating Mrs. Pope on her happy union, jokingly enquired, "How she liked matrimony?" to which she answered with great archness, "O! extremely well, my dear kind master: you know I always preferred *Pope's Essay to Young's Night Thoughts*;" this was the original of that much hackneyed and variously quoted bon mot.

immortal bard with such assiduity, that he was called in the school "The Walking Shakspeare:" in fact there was scarcely an incident which could occur amongst us, to which he would not apply an apt quotation, drawn from the inexhaustible store of that great master of human knowledge.

So decidedly theatrical was the bent of his mind, that all his thoughts were directed to that one object. The young gentleman alluded to was Mr. James Magan. His father was a wealthy apothecary in a populous but unfashionable part of Dublin; but, nevertheless, in extensive practice as a *visiting medical man* amongst the higher order of citizens: few regular physicians derived greater emolument from the exercise of their profession. Amongst the latter, the most jealous, perhaps, of any order, as to the slightest innovation upon it, he could boast of many personal friends. The easiness of his circumstances enabled him to keep his chariot, a thing by no means uncommon in this country at any time, or perhaps in Dublin at the present day; but at the period referred to, it was a luxury confined to some three or four of the *third* branch of the medical profession. Even the

wig and gold-headed cane (fresh invasions on the rights of the diploma) were adopted without offence; no small proof of the estimation in which Doctor Magan (as his grateful patients dubbed him) was held by the legitimate sons of Esculapius. But this good man kept a bountiful table, and, as his invitations extended to the whole privileged body of medicine, he was always sure of a full board; and equally so, that for every card of invitation he *dispensed*, he should find three or four voluminous prescriptions on his counter. This was as it should be: Kill—and let kill!

Neither the prospect of professional advancement in whatever line of life he might be led to adopt, nor the ample fortune which, if obedient to parental wishes, he would be sure to succeed to, could tempt young Magan to abandon his favorite project. To add to the romance,

He was in love, and pleased with ruin!

Between the daughter of his tutor (worthy the hand of a prince) and Magan an early attachment existed, which the romantic character of the youth rather increased than subdued. When he left Grafton Street school for college, a mutual

vow of fidelity was exchanged, which the lovely girl on her part too rigidly performed.

Magan, after passing a year or two at Trinity, renouncing a parent's commands, his friends' entreaties, and his mistress's tears, was announced to appear on the boards of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. "The part of *Romeo* by a *Young Gentleman* of this city: his *first* appearance on any stage."

Although this proceeding was against the judgment and remonstrances of all his well-wishers, yet the circumstance of their young fellow-citizen throwing himself on public indulgence, attracted to the doors of the theatre, long before the usual hour of opening them, many hundreds more than the building could possibly contain; and the moment the anxious crowds were admitted, the house soon became full, even to an overflow. The "*lads of Trinity*," in their caps and gowns, to the number of some hundreds, bore down all opposition in procuring themselves places in boxes, pit, and slips; in short, wherever they could make their voices, or their hands be heard. To the fair sex, and to them alone, the slightest concession was accorded. The Irish ladies, as enthusiastic as

their countrymen, were equally zealous and ardent in support of the young Romeo.

Seated in the manager's box, secluded from public observation, sat the Irish Demosthenes and his indescribably lovely daughter, to paint even a sketch of whom I should steal the magic pencil of the Wizard of the North, and scratch a copy of this our Rebecca; for, like the beautiful Jewess, she had a look that made its way to every heart. Sensibility sat enthroned on her dark Minerva-like brow, and in every gesture was dignity and love! With a palpitating heart she watched the moment of her betrothed's appearance; but that was greeted with such a tumult of applause, that many minutes elapsed before a word could be heard from the stage. Round after round, peal after peal, of thundering applause, which suspended the action of the play, followed Benvolio's words, "*Good morrow, cousin;*" but when Romeo asks, with sadness, "*Is the day so young?*" the whole pit sent forth a shout of praise which reverberated from the lofty roof. The greater number of the audience in that part of the house were the élite of the critical circles of Dublin, in whose ears the well remembered silver-tones of their own un-

equalled Barry retained their magic recollection; the similarity of sound was so powerfully strong, as to call forth this unpremeditated but universal expression of surprise and applause. Amidst this general shout of welcome, one faint yet piercing shriek might have been heard issuing from the manager's box: it was the outpouring of a heart too full to endure the storm of pain and pleasure which then assailed it. Her lover had passed the Rubicon. Friends, family, all were abandoned for his darling passion: he had launched his frail bark on the precarious tide of public favour, and must abide the voyage. The *Juliet* of real life sank into a fond father's arms, who then, for the first time, discovered how deeply the fate of his lovely daughter was interwoven with that of the erring debutant.

Struggling against nature's claims, he determined to watch the first efforts of his pupil, and consigning his beloved child to the care of her brother and the manager, Mr. Daly, (who with his many faults was, as well in manners as in birth, a gentleman,) he turned all his attention to the business of the stage, and seemed to drink every liquid word that poured from the lips of his once

and still beloved Magan, who brilliantly sustained throughout the whole of the arduous part the first favourable impression his early scenes created.

The excitement after the fall of the curtain was so powerful as to delay the afterpiece nearly an hour beyond the usual interval. The pit in groups were discussing the various excellences displayed by the Romeo of the night; while some of the "*Lads of Trinity*" seeing their old master in the manager's box, with more warmth of heart than discretion, cheered him in such a marked manner, that being known as the tutor of young Romeo, he was, though with great violence to his feelings, (for like most men of real worth, he was as modest as meritorious,) obliged to acknowlege the triple round of general applause bestowed on his name, by respectfully bowing to their oft-repeated compliments.

The next morning all the newspapers were filled with critiques on the performance of the previous night, each vying with the other in high-flown terms of panegyric, like every thing Irish;—the action, reading, speech, and manner of the "*Young Gentleman*," were perfection all.

The tragedy was repeated with equal success; and on the third representation, the "*Young Gentleman,*" was announced as "*Mr. Middleton.*" After a season had passed, and local attachment and its consequent partialities had sobered down into mature judgment, Mr. Middleton (no longer James Magan) was pronounced on all sides to be an accomplished actor.

He was that happy height for the stage, about five feet nine inches, slender in person and limb, but finely formed; graceful in action, harmonious in voice, correct even to precision in delivery; and possessing that easy deportment, which beyond all stage art showed him to have been the gentleman of the drawing-room all his life. Of his face nothing very favourable can be said; besides its natural inaptness for the expression of any of the stronger passions, a slight obliquity of vision in one eye deranged the quiet harmony which might otherwise have atoned for the absence of powerful expression. This defect was unperceived on a large stage by the aid of distance, paint, and pencil; but it is saying much for his intrinsic merit as an actor, that when he appeared at the comparatively small theatre of Cork, where

according to Garrick's observation "the play-going people seemed to have been born good critics," Mr. Middleton's acting was greeted with the most unqualified applause.

Success in any pursuit of life softens down many asperities. The father, flattered by the praises lavished on his son, (who had obtained a good permanent engagement with an annual 500*l.* benefit,) if he did not directly countenance, no longer opposed his claim to the hand of Miss White. Old Samuel, who had discernment enough to see that to oppose affection such as theirs would be to destroy the peace of one, at least, of the parties, gave a reluctant consent to a union fraught as it afterwards proved with bitterness, and James Magan (alias Middleton) was united under his proper name by the Honourable and Rev. Rector of St. Anne's, Dublin, to his first and then his only love! Here I would fain draw the veil, for the sequel is full of sorrow; but, alas! it is matter of notoriety that a few short years saw this once proudly aspiring, yet amiable young man, the slave of the grossest sensuality. His first liaison was stated to have been with the then well-known Miss Maria Campion, a young actress

on the Dublin boards, who died in 1803, his indiscreet attention to whom, both off and on the stage, first lost him the favor of the Irish public, who are *unfashionable* enough to discourage vice even when accompanied with all the splendor of dramatic talent, while they delight to honor that virtue and integrity of principle which is found capable of resisting the allurements by which youth, beauty, and accomplishment are assailed. Witness the reception of a certain vocalist within our recent recollections, as contrasted with the distinguished compliment paid to that excellent young woman Miss Stephens, on her departure from Dublin some years before, when a train of nearly one hundred carriages full of respectable matrons, gracing this unsullied ornament of her profession, formed a flattering cavalcade to escort her to the place of embarkation, and to render homage to that rare phenomenon in these days, a young, a handsome, a splendidly gifted and yet virtuous actress.

Tempted to repair to London, Middleton appeared on the metropolitan stage with a fair portion of success. His provincial engagements were respectable and lucrative; his wife was *all*

in love, in virtue, and conduct that the proudest heart could covet: yet he *fell!* fell to a depth, beyond all human expectation, base and lowly. Suffice it to wind up this painful episode, that after struggling through a life of vice, drunkenness, and occasional insanity, he was found in a dying state one morning in the purlieus of Covent Garden, and shortly after resigned a life worthless to himself, and disgraceful to his connections.

The respected and much pitied wife, who had been long widowed from the object of her first, her fondest love and hope, was not in these trying moments deserted by her friends. Under their protection and aid she established a boarding school in the vicinity of Bath, where her exemplary conduct and superior talents soon extended the circle of patronage; and it is to be hoped the lenient hand of time poured its tenderest balm in the wounds of a gentle heart, and soothed the sorrows of her who of all God's creatures seemed to deserve them least.

## CHAPTER VI.

Memory decks my wasted heart,
Fresh with gay desires.

OUR next breaking up once more brought me to renew my solicitation to my father to enter me in the navy. Unable or unwilling to resist my daily importunities, he promised compliance; but, as a probationary step, he prevailed on his friend, Sir James Bristow, who then commanded the Revenue eighteen-gun brig, the L'Auguste, to take me with him on his approaching quarterly cruise.

I was equipped accordingly, and departed high in crest and pocket; thanks to the liberality of both parents. The northern coast of Ireland, and that of the Isle of Man, was Sir James's appointed

cruising station; every harbour, creek, and cove of which became familiar to me. I almost fancied after a few weeks' experience on board that I could steer the gallant brig from the Copeland to Douglas Pier Light without log, line, or compass. The latter was endeared to me from its association with the lovely Manx lasses, to whose smiles it often lighted me. Now let me, indulgent reader, refer you to my introductory observation, that the character of the future man is greatly influenced, if not entirely formed, by the example of those whose conduct is his guide. Recollect also, that from certain little hints I have given of my father's amiable propensity to gallantry, I was, at an early period of my life, led to believe that of all sins the most venial were "little sinnings in love." Be not, therefore, too severe, nor fling down my book in a burst of virtuous indignation at those candid confessions, which may, in the course of my work, occasionally appear, as little beacons to warn the young voyager for life. The dawn of manhood broke upon me in the Isle of Man —the Cyprus of our cluster—where I completed my fifteenth year. I was rather more in appearance, as I am told; neither tall nor short of

my years, nor dark nor fair—rather, I should imagine, inclining to the former—had quite enough to say for myself (whatever was its quality), lively tempered, well dressed in general, and quite as forward as these humble pretensions authorised. Shield and Hook were the Apollo's in whose strains we swore and sung our love ditties, while that prince of bons vivants, Morris, bore the bell in Bacchanalians. Equally *au fait* at both, at this stage of my life I became but too much in request to avoid the indulgence, and its consequences, of this dangerous talent of being able to "sing a good song." My father's friend was, to all intents and purposes, a man of pleasure, caressed and esteemed wherever he went. Sir James Bristow was then about thirty-two years of age, handsome in countenance, manly in figure, with a degree of *dash* about him, which in the sphere he moved was irresistible. He was the theme of many a hard-fought action; equally admired for his gallantry in the combat, as beloved for his moderation in the hour of triumph, towards those unfortunates whose lawless life threw them into his power.

He might have been a Nelson had the sphere

of his services been enlarged, but circumscribed to the humblest span, he could only shew in that little orb the courage and generosity of a nature which well deserved a nobler field for action. Such was the man to whom my father (himself not strait-laced) committed me.

After our three months' delightful cruise, nearly one half of which, to say the truth, was passed at the romantic little town of Douglas, in the Isle of Man, not in those days as now the refuge for insolvency and dishonor, we set sail for Dublin bay. Never shall I forget the dismal morning of our departure: my vain and foolish heart sunk in despair as I took my farewell look of that pier on which were collected all the youth and beauty of the town, to wave their adieus to the handsome commander and his young companion; that pier and its lovely group, which I was destined to look on and admire for the last time.

Memory calls up the vision of those early days of youthful joy, and I dream again of love and pleasure, fled, alas, for ever! As I view my shrunk and faded visage, my bald and wrinkled front, my scattered locks now few and hoary, I almost

doubt the reality of those by-gone scenes; but there are some minds so constituted that neither time nor adversity can subdue their natural vivacity; this is fortunately my happy temperament, and I turn from the mortifying reflection of my present self, and flying to the mirror of memory, roam once more in the regions of boyish fancy, where all was bright, and young, and fresh.

My eyes were fixed on the rocky shores of Man, until its last peak sunk in the hazy horizon; then I sighed, I wept, and—went to dinner!

In the cheerful glass and merry song sweet Douglas and its lovely lasses were remembered; and brimful bumpers did homage to their charms. I fancy the bottle had too many for me that night, for I found myself tucked up in my birth after a few hours' delirious repose, without exactly recollecting at what time and under what circumstances I got there.

About six in the morning I was awakened from my sound second slumber by an unusual bustle on deck; and before I could collect my scattered ideas, my brave commander was at my berth side, urging me to rise with more than

ordinary expedition, adding his expressions of regret that we must part company in the course of an hour, in consequence of circumstances which he would hereafter explain to me. This communication, and the seriousness with which he urged me to hurry my toilet, sobered me at once: I sprang up and was soon dressed for the day, and ready for all events.

On ascending the deck I saw a long six-oared black cutter in tow, and some strange ill-looking fellows in close conference with the captain abaft. We were little more than a league to the eastward of Lambay, and about six from Dublin harbour, between our brig and which I could discern one of the revenue wherries * (the cut of whose jib was known to me) standing off and on, under the lightest air of wind, as if waiting for orders.

Of the cause of these appearances I was not long kept in ignorance. While discussing our excellent breakfast, the gallant knight in a few words announced the necessity of my immediate departure, having just received secret information which required him to proceed, without a moment's delay, to a certain part of the coast, to in-

* A shallop rigged vessel about twenty tons.

tercept the celebrated and hitherto unconquered smuggler, the "*Morgan Rattler*," which, with a crew of nearly one hundred men, and armed with eighteen guns, had been for some days off the northern coast, waiting a convenient opportunity for discharging a valuable cargo; and he would incur the displeasure of the revenue board by keeping a stranger in his vessel. This intelligence was brought by the crew of the boat astern, who, (partly for the sake of reward, and also in revenge for some real or imagined wrongs on the part of the daring outlaw who had the command of this powerful lugger,) deserted two nights before, when sent to reconnoitre the shore, and who, instead of returning, crept along the coast with their boat, until they fell in with the wherry then in sight, and which was one of those employed on the "look-out duty." They had made their terms with the commander. One of the most intelligent remained on board the brig: the six others had stipulated for their liberty, and, with their boat, were to be released when a league or two from Skerries or Lambay. To their care I was to be consigned for my passage to the wherry, or to the island of Lambay, as I should choose, where the

wherry men could pick me up. I had scarcely half an hour to put up all my traps, while Sir James was writing his letters to the revenue board, of which I was to be the bearer to the coxswain of the wherry. All being ready, my things were lowered into the smugglers' cutter. With the manrope in one hand, my generous and gallant commander's in the other, I endeavoured to express my thanks for all his kindness, but I could not find utterance for half the grateful feelings which swelled my heart. He saw my embarrassment; and, returning the pressure of my hand with a hearty squeeze of both of his, said, "Farewell, my boy! if I have made you happy, that is all I wished: we may meet again.—Remember your friend James Bristow!"

Remember thee; aye, thou gallant soul! while "memory holds her seat." The various orders for making all sail died on my ear, while, with fixed gaze, I took a parting look at the beautiful brig as she appeared gently stealing her way on the glassy bosom of the ocean, with outspread canvas inviting the vagrant breeze, which approached it in those transient flaws called by the sailors "cats' paws," and which here and there disported

around, rippling into dark patches the shining surface of the waters, at once encouraging and tantalising the anxious seaman's hopes.

Our boat cut her way with rapidity towards the shore under the guidance of my helm. I marked the countenances of her crew: they had led a life of danger and of crime. Besides the hazards of the element on which they carried on their precarious trade, they had often to fight for life and liberty, even "*with the halter round the neck.*" Defeat to them was certain, ignominious death! They seemed to feel that self-degradation with which their base desertion of their comrades had branded them, and *gave way* on their oars in sullen silence. Half an hour's labour, during which time they did not exchange one word with each other, brought our boat to the side of a shelving rock, from whence all my baggage was passed from hand to hand to a projecting cliff, more than twenty feet above the high-water mark. One of them said, "*Now, plase your honor, we must lave you.*" Poor wretches! I pitied while I condemned them. Bestowing on them a few shillings, and thanking them for their speed, I saw them depart towards the Skerries shore: a low promontory

soon shut them from my view. I was now alone! The most profound silence reigned around: the gulls, razor-bills, sea-parrots, and puffers, of which there were myriads on the surrounding rocks, having satisfied their early cravings, were either basking in supine content on shore, or floating about in dozing noiseless clusters on the unruffled bosom of the little bay where I had landed. Although my solitude would probably be of short duration, I felt a degree of loneliness while sitting on the projecting cliff, on which I had taken my station to attract the attention of the wherry men.

As the last and scarcely audible sound of the smugglers' oars died away on my ears, I pictured to myself Agamemnon's feelings when cast alone upon a desert shore to perish, which he subsequently described in these words to his friend:

> ——— And yet believe me, Arcas;
> (So rooted is the love we bear to man,)
> All ruffians as they were,
> I never heard a sound so dismal as their parting oars.

I was left to my reflections, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies", for upwards of half an hour before my reveries were broken by the

appearance of two of the crew of the Lees wherry, who discovered me from afar perched on my luggage, and instantly came to remove it: they led the way to the heights above, and in a few minutes I found myself on the smooth green sward of the summit of this romantic island. Not a tree nor shrub was to be seen, but nature's verdant carpet, studded with various flowrets of the humbler race, presented a rich treat to the view and touch of him who could enjoy the silent scene. On casting my eyes around, I caught a parting glance of the brave brig, now spreading her wide wings to the new-born breeze, ploughing her wavy way, until, reduced to a speck in the horizon, she became gradually lost to view.

The state of the tide, which at the ebb sets with a powerful current from west to east, obliged the crew of the wherry to lay to under the lee of the island for an hour, until the flood made. This delay afforded us time to visit the solitary house of the only inhabitant of the island, (the farmer and warrener of the Talbot family,) who hospitably spread a repast for his visitors. I could not without offence decline a cup of his black bohea tea, and his hard biscuit and briny butter:

as for my attendants, they were regaled with eggs, in abundance, *fish, lobs-scouse,* and a drop of neat brandy, which was not the less acceptable to their loyal palates, from not having paid the legal duty.

On taking leave of the solitary sovereign of Lambay, I tried to introduce into his hard hand a couple of half crowns, by which I had nearly destroyed the happiness he appeared to enjoy in our visit. The gift of *money* is assuredly not the way to gain an Irishman's favour; however sensible he may be to its value, the very poorest (save the itinerant beggar) rejects it when offered as an eleemosynary gift.*

The tide having turned, we embarked on board our wherry, and after a few tacks to clear the southernmost point of the island, we had a very

* Having been one of a party who visited Lundy Island in the summer of 1817, we were permitted to *see* (but having no gun of course did not destroy one head of) the myriads of rabbits with which that plain abounds; and whatever else was to be seen (not much by the bye) on the island. We presented a bottle of rum, accompanied by a *one-pound note* to the farmer in charge of the property, who seemed extremely disappointed and discontented with the *compliment*, although he brought the water with which we mixed our grog to his *door*, without inviting us *inside* it.

pleasant sail (nearly lying our course) to Dublin Harbour.

I soon found myself once more seated at the domestic board; and in the course of the evening entertained our circle with my adventures. The scenes I had to describe, the anecdotes to relate, and encomiums I felt it just to pay my late commander, were all allowed their full value, and the awful hour of *twelve* was tolled by our solemn neighbour Alma Mater, ere I was allowed to court my pillow; but here

Reflection came with all her busy train!

The tall and graceful figure of Fanny Bateman of Douglas floated before my mind's eye, as she stood on the last inch of the pier, on which her small foot could find a place, waving her veil in kind adieu! Then again the sprightly little Sally Stanley, the dempster's fair daughter, to whom I also paid my homage, appeared to dance before my vision in all her mirthful charms, displaying such a brace of beautiful feet and ancles, as might well have been substituted for the stupid and unnatural *trio of legs* which represent the *arms* of Man! Even fat Polly Twentyman of the Sun, (who would have been a beauty had vaccination

been in vogue in her days,) in whose unsophisticated kindness I had often for the time drowned the recollection of gentler loves,—even poor Polly was remembered with feelings of warm gratitude. I had sipped of the Circean cup!—was a man while yet a boy, and probably a boy in many actions of my manhood!

## CHAPTER VII.

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

A SHORT period of idleness had elapsed, when I once more earnestly pressed on my father the performance of his promise. He therefore took me by the hand one morning to that worthy old veteran the late Sir Alexander Schomberg, then commander of the royal yacht the Dorset, who kindly accompanied us to the house of Post-captain Lord Charles Fitzgruff, who had just then been appointed to the command of a fine new frigate, nearly ready for sea, to introduce me as a candidate for playing the young midshipman.

I quailed under the cloudy look his lordship threw upon me, while he muttered in doubtful

tones his ungracious consent. He was a man as coarse in person as in tastes; the indelicacy of the latter may be judged from the bare fact of his having taken *two* wives in succession from the *public stock*. Of all his noble family he was the least noble, although a man of probity and honour, and withal a gallant officer in his profession. After some harsh remarks on my rather dandified appearance, he stated that he wanted some "rough-spun younkers," but concluded with the uncalled-for observation, that "if I was *determined* to go, he would take care to make me do my duty." I augured the worst for my appointment,—nor was I mistaken. His lordship gave me a letter to the officer commanding the tender, under whose orders I was directed to place myself, and to be in readiness to sail for the river (Thames) in the course of two days, with the *volunteers*, more than one half of whom were in *irons*. Sharp work, my Lord Charles, thought I, but I had been on the alert.

Little doubting as to the appointment, I had been beforehand with my rigging, and the following evening (Sunday) I was able to appear at the grand weekly promenade at the Rotunda, the

resort of every one from the duke to his draper. Here the senator and the shopkeeper, the countess and the citizen's wife, congregate each Sunday evening; by their presence contributing to the support of that splendid and unequalled establishment, the GENERAL LYING-IN HOSPITAL of Dublin; which Curran called "aiding the staple manufacture of the country!"

All who feel an inclination to see and touch the skirts of nobility might here indulge it at the moderate expense of half-a-crown. One class of females was under the ban of exclusion—a class, whose non-admission into the places of public amusement in MORAL England would impoverish the theatres, and send Vauxhall to the hammer!

In this vast assemblage, seldom less than two thousand persons, the distinctions of rank were never for a moment forgotten. In the unceasing rounds of the promenade, the wealthy and well-dressed citizen invariably gave the *pas* on the right or left to his superior; a mark of respect repaid by that courtesy which was always a striking characteristic in the high-bred Irish nobleman.

Such an assemblage could never exist for a

third night in this country. The sensitive pride of the ancient aristocracy of Britain dare not risk the shock of collision with the puffed up, purse-proud plebeian, on whom courtesy and condescension would be either thrown away, or mistaken and abused with vulgar familiarity, by a class that can interpret the civility of their superiors but one way, and with all the sordidness of their habits imagine that the bow of the nobleman would be succeeded by a request for a loan or mortgage, or discount of a bill.

Hence that immeasurable distance which exists between the various orders. The patrician of rank despises the plebeian of wealth: confining himself to an *exclusive* circle, the former leaves to the citizen the enjoyment of his Margate and his Richmond, his theatres, and that portion of Brighton peculiarly *canaille*.

In France, Spain, Italy, Germany, in short, every where but in *Mammon-adoring England*, the case is different. The various orders of persons of really civilized and polite nations know their respective places, and neither yield nor encroach on that of others.

At this Sunday assembly, graced by the presence

of the Lord-Lieutenant and all the nobility of the land, I had the gratification of sporting my finery to the envy of many an old schoolfellow. But the next morning's sun was to see me on board. I had scarcely time to pack up my "*well-found*" trunk, bedding, &c., and take leave, ere I was hurried on board the Arrow hired cutter, with a cargo, more than one half of whom were the veriest vagabonds that ever risked the chances of a watery death to escape a more *exalted* one in another element. Nearly three-fourths of them were jail-birds, who still sang to the clanking of their fetters! My messmates were a young lieutenant, that is, young for the period—about *thirty*, who had been already twenty years a mid, and with the gloss still fresh on his *first* white facings; a surgeon's mate, (who, of course, was called "*The* doctor;") two brother middies, my seniors, and a nondescript character, half gentleman half steward, who was named "*Agent Victualler*" (for the *voyage!*)

Two guineas each was the amount of the subscription to the stock purse, for the purchase of the wherewithal to relish our rations; a small portion of wine, a rather large one of whiskey,

some dozens of porter, with tea, sugar, butter, eggs, milk, fresh meat and vegetables, a dozen loaves, and a string of red herrings; all which formed the elegancies of the mess. But we found them superabundant; as, after the first twelve hours' sail, we were all, with the exception of the lieutenant, unable to crawl from our berths, owing to sea sickness. As regarded myself, I fancied that after a few days' rolling about I should rally and be on my legs again; but I was deceived. I no longer felt the comforts and the luxuries of the well provided cabin of Sir James's brig; and I was sickened, beyond all my anticipations of disgust, by the filth and misery of our wretched live cargo, and the utter absence of all arrangement for cleanliness and comfort. These poor wretches had been unmanacled, it is true, on our leaving the harbour, but were huddled down into the hold, where a ton or two of straw in bulk had been thrown in along with blankets, in the proportion of one to every two men, forming the only accommodation, or rather the apology of bedding. They were all closely confined below, with the exception of ten at a time, which number, during two hours, from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M., were permitted to enjoy the

air on deck. Their food was served out to them by the agent victualler, *or channel commissary*, in regular messes, and was of unexceptionable quality; but when the ladder was drawn up at four o'clock, their only light was the slight glimmering which the removal of a fractional part of the main hatch afforded. These privations and restraints were deemed necessary, from the well-known character of the "*volunteers;*" but a purification became also indispensable for the general safety, for the effluvia from below was pestilential, and the unfortunate prisoners became desperate under their sufferings: yet such were the poor devils who were taught to boast in song,

"BRITONS *never shall be* SLAVES!"

On the fifth day, when running down St. George's channel with a light breeze and smooth water, the main hatch was entirely removed. "Heaven! what a polluted atmosphere these wretches must have breathed during the preceding days. Thirty of them were admitted on deck; and those above and below turned to for the removal of the litter, (and it *literally* was such.) Brooms were passed down, and vinegar sprinkled against the sides and flooring; while a few score sheaves of fresh straw

that had been stowed forward in reserve, were issued. By these arrangements, and the opportunity afforded to every man to enjoy the air and light for at least two hours each day, all past sufferings were forgotten; or, if thought on, made the subject of coarse and vulgar mirth. Whatever schemes of revenge they might have plotted in their late infernal abode, they appeared to have no longer remembered; particularly as the "*agent victualler*" was no *nip-cheese*, but served out both rations and grog with that cheerfulness and liberality which I dare swear they never again met with in the course of their toilsome service.

## CHAPTER VIII.

——— a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

It was not until the eleventh day that we entered the river. When we reached Deptford, we were all trans-shipped into a goodly old hulk, which to my eye appeared as large as Christ Church; and on stepping aboard of which, I was poked down into dingy dismal looking quarters, with about a dozen of my own class. I found by their conversation, (which was none of the most select,) that our frigate would be ready for sea in the course of three or four weeks, when Lord Charles would sail to join the channel fleet. I could not account for the shudder which crept over my whole frame at the bare mention of his lordship's name.

The look of contemptuous disdain with which he scowled upon me, when presented to him at his house in Kildare Street, still haunted me. Whether he found that I was, in a manner, *forced* upon him—or, what is still more likely, that he wanted some rough articles like himself for petty officers—or that at first sight he took a personal dislike to me, I know not; but from the reception I met from his representative, and first lieutenant, Jowlter, who was in the command of the hulk, I could have ventured to swear he had in his letter to that Cerberus set his mark against my name; for from the first hour of my coming under his command, to that in which heaven in its goodness released me from it, I found nothing but a series of mean and petty oppressions. On the slightest act of levity he abused me as if I had committed a crime. Having discovered that I had bestowed some trifling presents on the young woman who came on board twice a week with our linen, and who brought off tea, sugar, liquor, love verses and lollipops, the sale of which she established by permission, on deck; by way of mortifying my vanity on her next visit, he found some fault with me merely to authorize him to

exert his tyranny by ordering me to the mast head, there to remain till the end of the watch. As the hulk, however, had only a stump of a jury mast, I was still near enough to ogle and wink at the object of my admiration, and set at defiance the malice of old Jowlter.

But his general treatment of me was so scandalous that I found it impossible to withhold my remonstrances, which I firmly but respectfully made in a strongly worded letter. On his reading it, I was informed his huge face (the largest and at the same time the most hideous I had ever seen *gratis*) changed its usual purple tinge to a paly ash.—"So the chap can write and be damned to him, can he? But I'll soon have him in blue water. Tell him," (said he to the doctor, who kindly undertook to deliver my letter,) "that there's naw answer." This course brutality was only what I expected; the next morning I received an order to attend on the lieutenant, who, without the civility he should have shown to a foremast man, directed me to bring to him forthwith my writing desk! I bowed and retired, determined to consult my friend and townsman the doctor, on the subject of refusal or

compliance. He advised the latter by all means; adding, "*and the sooner the better.*"

Now there were certain letters in the said desk, which were never penned to meet the goggle eyes of such an Hippopotamus. It is equally true that there was a *series* of such tender epistles, not all addressed to the same beloved object, which might lead a vulgar mind like our lieutenant's to imagine that, as "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," so in a multitude of mistresses there was happiness, at least, in my opinion. These foolish effusions I was anxious to withdraw, and had already abstracted a few of the number, when I was interrupted by old Cerberus himself, who had silently descended into our dark abode, and with an affectation of great care for my papers, began to replace those I had removed in the desk, and ordered me to follow him with my desk. I obeyed, and following him into his cabin, placed it before him. I held out my three keys, pointing to that which opened the desk; the savage desired me to open it, saying his only object was to obtain a sight of a paper on which, he had been informed, I employed myself several hours each day, and which I took great pains to

conceal from my messmates. It instantly occurred to me that some of my cockpit companions had been invidiously reporting my actions to the lieutenant, but to show I feared nothing, I instantly turned the desk upside down, covering his table with its contents; he took but one lot, then desiring me to replace my papers, he allowed me to retire. I obeyed the order with alacrity, as may be believed, when I found all my amatory stuff had escaped scrutiny. The dozen or two pages which he retained were, in fact, but memoranda, in the form of a journal, of the events of my voyage, and of the daily occurrences since my arrival in England, in which, most fortunately, he himself had not once found a place. In fact, I had bestowed so much abuse on him in my letters to my family, and to those dear ones, whom I foolishly imagined were thinking as much of me as I of them, that I had no wish to encumber my journal with his detested name.

He found the paper, of course, full of very insipid stuff; for in less than half an hour it was returned to me *without a word!* and a few days' observation convinced me that much of his ill-

will had been transferred from me to another midshipman of the name of Boydes, the son of a schoolmaster in Dublin, who entered the service under a kind of promise of being appointed captain's clerk, and who thought he saw in me, by my perpetual scribbling, a rival for that office. I could, therefore, no longer be at a loss to fix on my enemy in the mess; nor did I fail to tax him with his meanness.

However, at the next appearance of the beautiful *auburn*-haired laundress—any one less enamoured would have called her downright *carroty*—I instantly laid siege to her, making large purchases, when the suppressed rage of the lieutenant seemed to boil over, and his carbuncled face, "*red with uncommon wrath,*" seemed all on fire. Still however he could not, without manifest injustice, single me out as an object for vengeance while seven or eight of us younkers surrounded her basket. He therefore ordered us all off the quarry, which order the greater number obeyed; but the doctor and myself lingered for a minute or two beyond the rest; he to pay for some lemons, I to show my liberality for promised

favors yet to come. We were both, however, rudely driven from the maiden's basket; looking, I make no doubt, highly ridiculous after all the fine things we had been saying. What the lieutenant said to the poor girl we knew not, but it was followed by the hasty removal of the little trader's tressel, basket, and chair, which, with herself, were very unceremoniously bundled over the side into the nearest boat.

Heavens! how I longed to imprint on his bloated visage the mark of a hand now pretty well able to make itself be felt, when nerved with indignation at his unmanly conduct; but the demon of despotism reigns uncontrolled on board a man of war!

Alone, I began to reflect, this is not the profession for me! With the exception of the doctor, a vain and pragmatical little being, but withal bearing a kind and friendly heart, I had not one friend in whom I could confide, or on whose sympathy I could reckon; and that I was an object of dislike to many of our mess I was well aware. I came on board with such a perfect equipment of clothes, &c., (particularly of linen)

that my "stock of traps" was the talk of the cock-pit. Then I had a watch, and, worse than all, wore a ring!—a very humble little cornelian, and the gift of a beloved sister. These formidable appearances, with perhaps some degree of over pretension on my part, were offensive in the eyes of my messmates, (who for the greater number were of that class doomed to commence the hard voyage of life with a very scanty outfit;) and I was forced to bear the jokes and gibes of the majority, and hear the words *smoke the beau,* twenty times a day, with an affectation of good humour; for it was indeed not very easily assumed.

My friend the doctor, although considerably my senior in years, had very little experience in the ways of the world; he had never been very far beyond the purlieus of the shop of his brother, an eminent surgeon and apothecary in Dublin, and his knowledge of the healing art was confined to the *lowest* employments to which apothecaries' assistants are occasionally doomed to stoop. To him, however, I made my lament in secret; and he fully agreed with me that the navy was not

the service best suited to my habits or feelings.

Fortified with the doctor's opinion, which so well chimed in with my own, I ventured, with great humility and confession of error, to address my ever-indulgent father, stating the many insults and mortifications I had received, and more than hinted my suspicions that Lord Charles had black-balled me in his letter to the lieutenant; supplicating his interference with my lord for my recall on the score of delicate health, (I had the doctor's opinion,) and consequent incapacity for duty.

I did not omit to mention as a proof of my prudence and frugality, that I had still twenty-two guineas remaining of the sum with which his and my other parent's kindness had supplied me on leaving home; and should be ready to set off for Dublin at a moment's notice. My father, however, had to consult his good friend, Sir Alexander Schomberg, before he took any steps for my relief; and it was ten days before I received his reply. But during this (to me) period of deep anxiety I found means to send letters to the golden-haired girl of the wash-tub, who bore the

unsentimental name of Sukey Skinner; and her answers were always *verbal*, for the best of all possible reasons. Yet the *old* woman who succeeded to her station on deck, gave to them all the force of her natural eloquence and matured experience.

At length the anxiously expected letter reached me, on receipt of which I jumped, hallooed, pranced about, and cut so many fantastic capers, that my messmates fancied I had been suddenly deprived of my senses, and were almost confirmed in that suspicion when I dragged forth my store of oranges, nuts, tea, sugar, &c., and threw the whole amongst them for a general treat; and, after tea the same afternoon, we regaled over a gallon can of stiff punch; some of us drinking—to his *Nabs*, with the HEAD!

Lieutenant Jowlter, it seems, had, at the same time, received a letter from his chief, to pack me off bag and baggage, with a written order to present myself at the rendezvous house in Dublin within *fourteen days*. The time allowed me was liberal enough in all conscience, had I not had other projects just then in view. However, at all hazards, I embraced the terms—received my pass—

and, calling a wherry alongside, shipped all my traps in a twinkling: then, bidding good bye to my envying shipmates, I slipped down the wall-sided hulk with the alacrity of an eel escaping from a mesh.

## CHAPTER IX.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die.
* * * * *
Amid the roses fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest.

On shore I was met by the fair Susan, who conducted me to the house of a most respectable female friend of her's, whom she represented as the wife of the carpenter of the *Bellyruffon*, (the manner in which the name of the Bellerophon is pronounced by sailors and their wives,) which ship was then with Lord Howe in the channel fleet. In this cleanly snug retreat I found every thing most comfortably prepared for my reception; and to crown all, my Susan—sweet Susan!—had arranged with her friend the carpentress to remain in attendance, or to "*do for me*," as the cockney phraseology terms it.

Though gullible enough when a fair one was in question, still I was not quite such a novice as to make any display of, or even to hint at the amount of, my wealth. Not that at that moment of my youthful confidence I entertained any doubts of the honesty of Susan or her sage friend, but an inward sense that my whole proceeding was wrong, suggested to me the propriety of concealment as to the extent of my pecuniary resources.

Let me pass over a week of folly; at the expiration of which I felt as anxious to escape from Deptford as ever I had been to fly from the detested hulk. Susan's hair appeared to me to grow each day redder and redder; and the entire confidence she seemed to place in her natural charms rendered her negligent of those adventitious aids which neatness or elegance in person and dress bestows. I was almost heretic enough to fancy she was not half so young or lovely as when I first beheld her on board deck, while the thoughts of an after-reckoning made me silent and reflective.

The dame of the house, who knew human nature pretty well, saw how matters stood in my mind; and she also must have perceived that, with all my folly, I was no fool. It was therefore,

I presume, by her advice, that the gentle Susan herself urged my departure when half the number of my fourteen days had expired.

My determination once taken, I soon acted upon it; and I gladly "*tore myself away*," (as novelists write, when their hero walks off from the scene of his romance, without any one attempting to hold him back or catch at his skirts,) and in the language of the Leadenhall press, "*threw myself* into a coach;" that is, was helped into the "*Royal George*," (on eight wheels, with sixteen insides,) and in half an hour, found myself snugly seated in the coffee room of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross.

I had not been above an hour in the house, when I had the good fortune to be stumbled on by a friend of my father's, with whom, when a little boy, I had always been a favourite. This was Mr. William Palliser, well known in the gay circles of Dublin, a companion of infinite wit, a capital musician, a *bon vivant*, and more than all, a warm-hearted, generous, Irish gentleman.

With his mother and three sisters he had come to London to see the world; but chiefly to enable one of the party, the eldest daughter, to enjoy that

happiness: in fact, to have an operation performed on both eyes, (which had from infancy been obscured by cataract,) and which was most happily and successfully effected by the first oculist of those days. Happening to enter the coffee-room of the hotel about four o'clock, in search of some newly arrived Pat, he espied me just going to attack a mutton chop in a corner box. His eyes caught mine, and were fixed on me; while, at the same time, he seemed to doubt my identity. He asked some question of the waiter "sotto voce," to which the man of the towel answered by the usual cockney blunder: "I *don't* know—I'm *sure!*"

This prince of good-fellows came over to my corner, and holding out his hand pronounced my name, to which I responded by springing almost into his arms. Not having seen me for nearly two years, I had grown out of his recollection, but my features were still familiar to him. He would not suffer me to touch my smoking chop, but hurrying me up stairs introduced me to his mother and sisters, with only one of whom (the youngest) I had been previously acquainted.

The dinner table was laid with six covers, for

he calculated on picking up a stray countryman in the course of his daily rambles; and fortunately, his circumstances enabled him to indulge his generous feelings. His father, who was still living, was a wealthy brewer of Dublin, and whether abroad or at home, Mr. William, the only son, had a "carte blanche" on the bank of La Touche and Co. His mother was one of those unassuming kind *gentlewomen* of the old school. The daughters were modern and genteel, in the most pleasing and perfect sense of that much hacknied phrase, combining much of the good sense and good nature of their venerable parents with all the polish of latter days. In such society I grieved to think my hours of enjoyment were numbered; then did my waste of time at Deptford first haunt me as an act of guilt. With all the ingenuousness of my age and temper I told my whole story to my friend over our bottle, not concealing the Deptford affair, on hearing which, he assured me with well affected, studied solemnity that he would have the pleasure of repeating it to my father whenever they met.

With this kind family I enjoyed all the amusements which London and its vicinity afforded, and

after four days' and indeed nights' enjoyment, for we always kept it up, Irish fashion, long after the small hours, I parted from them all with a regret so mutual and sincere, as to bring tears into the eyes of these dear good girls, in whose society I experienced so much happiness, unalloyed by any one act or thought unworthy the sacred character of friendship. On the morning of my departure, only two hours after our usual late breaking up, I found my kind and generous friend in his dressing gown, having sat up to see me fairly off.

On calling for my bill I found that there was none against me. To be sure, my friend's hospitality rendered it impossible I should have an eating and drinking bill; but my lodgings—chambermaid—boots—waiter, *all*, all were satisfied. Not one sous had I to disburse; and when remonstrating against this trespass on his kindness, he only interrupted me by whispering that he had something for me which might be useful on the road, which he endeavoured to squeeze into my hand. I knew it was money; but I rejected it, assuring him that I had exactly sixteen guineas left, which was nearly three times the sum I should have occasion to spend on my journey. An ocu-

lar demonstration *alone* satisfied him that I was not overcalculating my means. He then bade me farewell, and I grieve to say I never saw him afterwards. My father, however, enjoyed that pleasure many a time and oft, and by reference to my letters convinced him that neither time nor distance has obliterated the gratitude of one to whom he had been so kind.

Stuck up on the roof of the Holyhead coach, I was rattled over the stones in the imperfect twilight, and felt heartily glad when we got fairly on the road to wrap up in my boat-cloak. I prepared myself for a nap, which notwithstanding my being an exterior, and the air cold and weather showery, I enjoyed for two or three hours. The *outsides* sat all round the roof with their legs dangling; the hind boot or basket was crammed with luggage; but having been so early as to have a choice of seats, I took up a central position, and was hemmed in all round, so that accident, except in case of an overset, was impossible. I did not feel perfectly awake until we arrived at Banbury to breakfast; for the remainder of the day I held my post like a man, enjoying myself and amusing my fellow-passengers with a song and a

tale; but towards midnight the clouds began to lour, and shortly afterwards *a torrent of sonorous rain* made me feel very uncomfortable. We were not yet half way on our road; but intimating my wish to become a member of the lower house for the remainder of the journey, I was booked "*inside*" accordingly, "*paying the difference*:" not a word was uttered amongst the party on whom I had been so unceremoniously thrust. Having made all their arrangements for the night, and pulled down their caps, they might have been griffins for anything which I could see to the contrary. I could make out no distinctive feature of a human being; but following their example, I was soon dreaming of my late days and nights of pleasure.

In the intervals of sleep, I thought of my excellent friend, Mr. W—— P——, and his dear sisters, and wished to dream of them too. I awoke about six very *much in love* (according to Tom Piper's idea of the delightful passion;) and was heartily glad to be invited to walk up a long hill for the relief of the horses, which kept me for nearly half an hour in healthful exercise. My fellow "insides" were three in number, only one of whom had a tongue (except for grumbling,)

and this was the lively little Lieutenant Turner, royal navy agent for transports, who was unfortunately killed some years after by his horse taking fright at a discharge of rockets, on occasion of the rejoicing for Nelson's victory of the Nile. His long *snooze* (as he termed it) over, his conversation, good humour, and politeness to us all, never flagged during a long and otherwise dull day. The two sulky ones were Taffies from Bangor, who had been up to town on a *law suit* (of course;) thus much we could gather from their gibberish, while from their tempers it was pretty evident they were not the successful party. Having dropped their company at Bangor, we crossed the ferry, and took up as passengers to *Holyhead only* two young ladies, natives of the island of Anglesea, whose pleasing manners and sprightly conversation was a happy relief to the dulness of the druidical pair we had just discharged; and they enlivened the remainder of our journey through the *principality*.

The next morning (*my awful fourteenth day!*) we were aroused from our beds at three o'clock. The wind whistled, the rain fell in slanting yet heavy showers; we followed the lantern of our

guide to the place of embarkation in dogged silence and the worst of spirits. I was wet through my cloak ere I gained the packet, but once on board, comfort and civility reigned in every department. I pulled off my upper clothing and turned in, having previously seen from the state of the skies that we were about to have a regular gale; nor was I deceived. The anchor up, we set off under a four-reefed mainsail, three-reefed foresail, and the storm jib; the wind was easterly, fair as we could wish, but raising a frightful cross sea at the meeting of the tides. Could we have carried on all the voyage, we should have reached Dublin harbour in six or seven hours, but the wind came down at times in such tremendous squalls, as rendered it necessary to dowse everything and scud before it. The Holyhead packets were at all times perfection itself: as regarded captain, crew, and craft, everything which good seamanship could effect might be depended on, so that none of us felt the slightest uneasiness.

At length, after nine hours, the white tower of the Dublin lighthouse was seen occasionally to show its glittering head through the lofty and

boiling sea that in every direction foamed round its rugged base. We were doomed to pass a full hour, standing off and on, waiting for water over the bar; within another hour and a half our vessel was well up the harbour, and by *three* P.M. we were snugly moored in the Packets' berth, opposite the Pigeon-house. At this place we got on board the packet wherry or tender, and with our luggage were landed at Sir John Rogers's quay, where, after submitting our trunks to the most indulgent examination and paying the usual fees, we were suffered to depart. The day waned apace. I had stated candidly to Lieutenant Turner the precise circumstances under which I stood; and he strenuously advised me not to lose a moment in presenting myself at the Rendezvous House, giving it as his opinion that if I failed to do so, I should be reported "R.U.N.," and probably seized at my own father's table as a deserter.

Instead of going directly to his own home, where every domestic happiness awaited him, he posted off with me (leaving our luggage at a public-house) to the lower ferry, which on crossing, we were at once on the steps of the Ren-

dezvous House, Union quay. The whole was not the work of an hour, and long before five o'clock I had the satisfaction to receive back my pass with the certificate of the officer, that I had that day presented myself according to the terms of my pass. I was informed that it would be sufficient if I showed myself once or twice a week until further orders.

Although within two streets of home on my return, I insisted on escorting the good lieutenant to his house, which lay beyond Merrion Square, and setting him down with his portmanteau; which act of attention performed, I resisted his pressing entreaties to enter, and proceeded homewards, reserving my visit to him and Mrs. T. for some future day. The hackney-coachman did not spare the whip, seeing he had a young and impatient *homeward-bound* customer, and I was soon at home once more, amidst parents and brothers, sisters and friends, all of whom received me with the most endearing kindness.

When I told them the narrow escape I had of being returned a deserter, and some anecdotes of that hammer-headed shark Jowlter, they one and all protested against my ever tempting the main

with the chance of falling under the command of such a ruffian. I had my own thoughts too, much to the same purport, but on that point was silent.

Happening to arrive on an evening when a few young friends had increased our family party, and a neighbour or two were dropping in, who had heard of my return, we were allowed our own time and amusements, and it was nearly three (just twenty-four hours since my departure from Holyhead); ere our festive party separated. The morning's interview with my father brought on explanations; and that very day I accompanied him to our constant friend and adviser Sir Alexander Schomberg, who in the course of half an hour's friendly chat with me alone, elicited all he wished to know; and then, with his characteristic kindness, he advised me to give over all thoughts of the navy; stating that it was a service in which I ought to have entered when a mere boy, before the manly feelings expand, otherwise the severity of the discipline, and the treatment I should in nine cases out of ten be subject to, would embitter my life. I repeatedly thanked the good knight for his advice, and promised to follow it.

I had still however a hankering for the noble profession with all its drawbacks; but the thoughts of the gruff Lord Charles, and that old demon of the Deptford hulk, kept my mind in a constant state of suspense for several days. At length I decided, and forthwith resigned my berth.

## CHAPTER X.

O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which even in the haunch of winter sings.

It may be necessary to refer to the state of Ireland at this period.

The year 1792 was distinguished for the suppression of that dangerous political society, "The United Irishmen;" and the following year, the boon of the elective franchise was conceded to the Roman Catholic freeholders, as a measure of conciliation to the members of that church; and this too in the very zenith of the power of that political faction, which assumed to itself the right, or at least exercised the power, of dictating to the representative of Majesty, and whose partisans, with all their distinctive sagacity, saw but too clearly

to what further encroachment this partial concession would eventually lead. ' The government of the country was then vested in John, Earl of Westmoreland, who was himself in the hands of such men as the Chancellor Clare, Chief Justice Clonmell, the Beresfords, and their powerful adherents.

Lord Westmoreland was then at thirty-three, what he still continues at seventy, a lover of pleasure as well as power—apparently tenacious of both; but if the sacrifice of one for the preservation of the other became an indispensable condition of his existence, he would have resigned the latter. He had, the year before, lost his amiable countess, (the daughter and co-heiress of the wealthy Mr. Child, the banker;) and at the period I now refer to, was endeavouring to cheer his hours of widowhood in the fascinating society of the celebrated Mrs. Stratford, since Countess of Aldborough, wife to Colonel the Honorable John Stratford, then nicknamed "the *goat;*" for what reason I never presumed to enquire; and can only guess that it might be from his attachment to the mountains of Wicklow, where he had so constantly rusticated and browsed, that it was al-

most forgotten that Mrs. Stratford had such a thing as a husband, until the decease of his brother the Earl, who, from certain well-known circumstances, was nicknamed "Otium *sine* dignitate," raised him to a title and a new place in society.

The Lord Lieutenant, relieved from much of the cares of state by the dominion exercised over his government by the party referred to, had little more to do in state affairs than wade through the tedious minutes of a council, affix his signature, and so conclude his public duties.

His Lordship may be truly said to have lived in the saddle one-third part of his life. Age has not controlled or crippled his habits of locomotion: his greatest enjoyment seems, even now, to be to move with rapidity, without apparently any given object but the mere pleasure which velocity of motion conveys to him. In his chariot, no pace under *twelve miles an hour* will keep a coachman in his place for one month.

On the breaking up of a council, his lordship was to be seen issuing in full pace from the gate of the castle yard, followed, or rather *pursued*, by the vice-regal staff: his dress a plain brown coat,

(hence the name *Westmoreland brown*, long known in Dublin,) white leathers, *as now*, brown top-boots, a cocked hat, worn, as was then the fashion, parade-ways, (not fore and aft;) with a suite comprising all the dashing men of the day. Amongst the number was the illustrious Wellington, then *Major* Arthur Wellesley, aide-de-camp to his Excellency; Colonel Cradock, (now Lord Howden;) Colonel Freemantle, who died in 1799, on his passage from the West Indies, after the reduction of the French islands; an officer of distinguished gallantry, whose name and military character find an honorable representative in the person of his son Colonel John Freemantle, Coldstream Guards, who served as aide-de-camp to the great Wellington during the whole of his peninsular campaign.

The vice-regal court was never at any period more gay—(dare I say licentious?) The care of the nation was left to those whom long habit and the pleasure and profits of dominion reconciled to the drudgery and corruption, the great and only power of government, which stalked uncontrolled through every office and department of the state.

Supreme in pride, in talent, and authority, stood the Lord Chancellor Clare, a man whose daring mind admitted of no dictation. No pedant ever exercised a more complete mastery over his submissive scholars than did this modern Wolsey over an obsequious House of Peers, although opposed by a Leinster, a Charlemont, and other tried patriots; while in the Commons, the Beresfords, Fosters, Hutchinsons, Dawsons, and Tolers, held their sway against the talents of Grattan, Ponsonby, Connolly, and Curran.

It may appear a puerile observation, but it will at the same time be admitted as an extraordinary circumstance, that the period alluded to was that of the power of the JOHNS: take for example the following names, drawn from the tablet of memory.

## CHAPTER XI.

THREE to thine—THREE to thine—
And THREE again to make up NINE.

### THE REIGN OF THE JOHNS.

John, Earl of Westmoreland, was Lord Lieutenant.

John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, Chancellor.

John Scott, Earl Clonmell, Lord Chief Justice.

John Hutchinson, Provost, Trinity College, with two sons in Parliament.

John Beresford, chief commissioner of the revenue.

John Foster, (Lord Oriel,) Speaker of the House of Commons.

John Toler, (Earl Norbury,) Solicitor-General.

John P. Curran, his great political antagonist.

Sir John Blaquiere, (afterwards Lord de Blaquiere,) chief commissioner of the paving and

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lighting board, and *job-master-general to His Majesty's government!*

Of the first on the list it might be said that, as he thought by proxy, and acted under control, he ought not to be deemed responsible for the evils of his administration. This is the most charitable view that can be taken of his government of the Irish nation, which he found *agitated* and left *convulsed.*

The second, JOHN FITZGIBBON, EARL CLARE, was a man formed by nature for deeds of daring: on him the gownsman's robes unseemly sat; in his hands the sceptre would not have proved a bauble, nor the marshal's truncheon a mere badge of office. He had a mind capable of ruling the destinies of nations and bending them to his purpose; but, fortunately for mankind, the opinions of his ambition were professionally fettered in his early life; the sole object of which seemed to be to crush the liberties and subdue the spirit of the land of his fathers. It has been said, I know not how truly, that he was educated at a Jesuit's college on the continent; and certainly his sophistical arguments in all political discussion in which he made "*the worse appear the*

*better reason,*" would incline me to believe he owed his manner of thinking to the lessons inculcated by the disciples of Loyola: as I have not yet done with him I shall dismiss his name for the present, and turn to that of

JOHN SCOTT, BARON EARLSFORT, VISCOUNT and EARL of CLONMELL, was one who from the humblest beginning rose to the highest professional dignity, and to a political consequence not easily conceivable by Englishmen, accustomed to see the judges of the land, with the exception of the Chancellor, confine their powers to the sphere of their respective courts.

John Scott, known in his own county (Tipperary) by the soubrique of *Shawn Bwee,* "yellow (or *brazen-faced*) Jack," was contemporary with the amiable Yelverton (Chief Baron and afterwards Lord Avonmore); with Wolfe of Kildare (Lord Kilwarden); James Fitzgerald, prime-serjeant, father of the Right Honorable Vesey Fitzgerald; with Burke, Flood, Grattan, Curran, and a host of the luminaries of those days. He had early distinguished himself at college by a haughty unbending temper, which poverty could not subdue, nor kindness conciliate.

He seemed to feel that he possessed within his own powerful mind the germ of future greatness; and bore himself with corresponding dignity. I have heard that he originally entered college as sizer (or servitor), in which capacity it was a portion of his duty to place the dishes on the dining table of the fellows; but this was no degradation when shared by a Yelverton and others, who in after life put fortune to the blush for her capricious neglect of youthful genius. To the honor of the fellows also let it be recorded that the most marked respect was invariably shown by them personally to those gentlemen, who, in the discharge of an ancient duty, more honored in the breach than the observance, had a task to perform so humiliating to a high-minded youth. Having passed through college with credit, Scott proceeded to England to *eat* his terms, and having gone through that routine was called to the bar.

In the unsettled state of Irish politics, and with a strong opposition in the Commons, government watched the rising talent exhibited at the bar as a source of future support. Scott with ambitious foresight saw the path to fame, to

wealth, and rank open to him; and did not scruple to embrace the means of advancing his claims to them. He tendered his services to the crown party, was accepted, and immediately returned for a government borough.

In 1774, when scarcely thirty-five years of age, he became solicitor-general; and having been successively promoted to the offices of attorney-general, and prime-serjeant, he was in 1784 elevated to the chief-justiceship of the King's Bench with the honors of a peerage. Whether in the senate or at the bar he was equally decided and overbearing. Courageous by constitution, and pugnacious by policy, he not only talked, but fought his way to professional and political distinction; indeed there was that honorable (or as some may term it barbarous) understanding in the members of both houses, that they were liable at any moment to be called to account for personalities, and consequently in almost every warm debate the seeds of a personal rencontre were laid. Scott's impetuous and domineering style of declamation exposed him, both in town and on circuit, to the trial of the trigger; and having perfectly established his

character as a man of unflinching courage, he could the better afford those proofs of moderation and concession, which in a few years he judged it prudent to exhibit.

Professional honors fell thick upon his brow. He was borne on a tide of success from his first appearance in public life, while his fortune received a considerable and splendid increase by his second marriage with Miss Lawless, daughter of an opulent citizen of Dublin, a remarkably fine woman, who survived her lord thirty years, and continued in the enjoyment of health and the daily practice of piety and benevolence to an advanced age.

The government found in the courtly judge all the spirit and fire of the daring advocate. We have had but one man in our latter days to whom as a judge we can compare him, and whose admission to a seat in the cabinet did more to bring the name of British justice into discredit and contempt than even the intemperate judgments of that modern Rhadamanthus. Scott, when raised to the peerage, became one of the chief props of that corrupt, tottering fabric, the Westmoreland administration, and sustained his power-

ful position during the remainder of his active life.

JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON, having been the father of ministerial jobs for the preceding thirty years, in the year 1793, yielded up his ambition to the calmness of private live. He had always declined the honors of the peerage in his own person, but secured it for his posterity.* His wife was created a peeress in her own right by the style and title of Baroness Donoughmore, of Knocklofty, county of Tipperary, with remainder to her heirs male by her husband. By the death of the baroness, the title devolved on her eldest son Richard, late Earl of Donoughmore, who enjoyed the peerage for six years during the lifetime of his father (a commoner), of whom I shall have occasion to say something by-and-bye.

JOHN BERESFORD, brother to the Marquis of Waterford, and to the archbishop of Tuam,

* This is the gentleman of whom Lord Townsend, on his return from the vice-royalty of Ireland, is reported to have said to his Majesty, George the Third,—"If your Majesty gave him Great Britain and Ireland as an estate, he could ask for the *Isle of Man* as a *cabbage garden*.

afterwards Lord Decies, was, although the humblest in rank, the most powerful in interest of that family and faction. Reared in that hotbed of corruption, the Irish Court, he may be said to have lived and fattened on the degradation and misfortunes of his native land.

Early in life he married one of the three daughters of Sir William Montgomery, who from their beauty and accomplishments were complimented with the title of the GRACES; the Marquis of Townsend married another; and the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, father of the late Earl of Blessington, the third. Mrs. Beresford was long the "grace and ornament" of the Irish Court; while Beresford, then in the prime of life, and one of a family remarkable for the advantages of person, was no less attractive in his sphere. The offices which he not only enjoyed himself, but those which fell within his patronage to bestow, created a powerful influence, and which an increase of favors on the part of the crown could alone secure. The elder brother, then EARL of TYRONE, was in a great degree guided in the disposal of his parliamentary favors by the advice of his brother John, who, being more

immediately in the secrets of the state, knew to what precise objects to direct the *patriotic* views of his fraternal boroughmonger. It is by no means a false figure to present Ireland as lying bound at the feet of this all-powerful family and faction.

JOHN FOSTER (late Lord Oriel, for many years Speaker of the Irish House of Commons,) had been originally called to the bar, and possessing a tolerably easy fortune with good connections, found no difficulty in entering parliament; where having risen to the Speaker's chair, he maintained that important office with dignity and credit for many years. He owed much of his fluctuating popularity to his judicious support of the linen manufactures of his native province, of which he was with some justice called the father and protector. He was accounted an excellent speaker (not orator), and perfect master of the rules of debate. Indeed this knowledge, seconded by his own suavity of manners, was but too often found necessary during those occasionally stormy debates, in which the strongest personalities were flung with an unsparing tongue and promiscuous range, and too often obliged him to shut his ears. Mr. Grattan's attack on Flood is a matter of his-

tory.* On the discussion of the Union, when smarting under a most unmannerly and personal attack of the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, Isaac Corry, the same gentleman, in his reply in his own peculiar accent and style, retorted with great and merited acrimony. The cry of order! order! only seemed to increase the disorder; for there was in the Irish house none of that amicable humbug practiced in its imperial survivor which allows an honourable gentleman to bluster and bully, and exit with a fierce look at the opposite bench; while the speaker in the twinkling of an eye lays both honourable gentlemen by the heels, until each assures the other in all the complacency of senatorial slang, that his observations were aimed at his antagonist "*politically* and not *personally*;" and *if* the honourable member believed otherwise, he was happy to undeceive *him*, and bow to the judgment of the chair—(your *if* is a great peacemaker.) This is all right in a country where, from the coal-heaver to the chancellor, the tongue is the grand weapon; but the hot-blooded Irish had a way

* The spirit of poor Flood sank under this attack. Burke assures us he shed tears, and deplored the loss of Grattan's friendship as a sorrow beyond all others this world could inflict.

and will of their own. Both Grattan and Corry fled the house before the speaker could see them, for the best of all reasons, that he did not raise his head until they were both fairly beyond the outer door. The parties met in the fields in Denzil Street, within five hundred yards of the house, at four o'clock in the morning; for immediately after the cause of meeting, they were both too much flurried to do mischief, and before the second fire they were interrupted by the serjeant at arms.

As Speaker, Mr. Foster was popular on both sides of the house: though a staunch supporter of government, he never lost sight of the dignity and impartiality of the chair.

The propositions called "PITT'S" for crippling the free trade of Ireland, were nearly carried under his auspices, during his short service as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in, I believe, the Portland administration, which brought general odium upon him, and was the cause of great riots, and of his effigy having been burnt in front of the Parliament House during the sitting, in which the defeat of the bill took place; but his ancient

popularity revived to a pitch of enthusiasm from his powerful and unshaken opposition to the Union in 1799 and 1800.

It would perhaps be doing great injustice to the purity of his motives in that opposition, to suppose that the loss of place and patronage had more than its allowable and feeble share in his strong and consistent resolution to contend inch by inch for the legislative independence of his country.

His wife was already viscountess in her own right; but he from various causes was not in overflowing affluence. His opposition therefore, when he had only to *name his terms,* must be deemed honourable and virtuous; indeed there was no bribe in the shape of pension or dignity, with which that worthy instrument of his country's degradation, Lord Castlereagh, did not tempt this well-proved patriot to "*give up his useless opposition,*"* who, at the age of sixty, might have slunk into the peerage with only a portion of that obloquy, which, as divided amongst so

* An expression extracted from a letter then published, as having passed from the secretary to the Speaker.

many, would not have been felt by one of the crowd.

The union, by force and fraud, however, was carried; John Foster lost his chair, but preserved his character; and the busy politician became the no less busy and bountiful landlord; improving, beautifying, and enriching one of the most lovely spots in Ireland, and creating about himself a host of grateful tenantry; while, as a county member in the imperial parliament, he was always at his post, an indefatigable and righteous representative of his country, for which he subsequently once more became officially employed as Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer.

JOHN TOLER (now EARL of NORBURY) with not one half of the talents, but much of the ambition, and *all* the spirit of his countryman Scott, Earl of Clonmell, entered parliament under the implied protection of Lord Clare. He too, although a "man of many words," was also a disciple of the O'Trigger school. In one of his duels when solicitor-general (that I believe with Counsellor C * * * * *) his pistol hung fire, and the priming fizzed away in the pan. At length it popped off, but the ball dropped half way be-

tween the belligerents. "*A line ball,*" said Toler. "Government powder by G—d," observed C * * * * * *, "try your luck again, Jack." "Not I, my good fellow," replied Toler; "if you are satisfied, I am:" so they shook hands and walked off chatting and punning together for half an hour, when they proceeded to court to plant, in their legal and political hostility towards each other, fresh seeds of future animosity.

Toler was a man of parsimonious and inhospitable habits, under a most imposing display of pompous and hospitable words. Whether he was in this respect controlled by his wife, (as is said to be the case with a great legal character in this country,) is a family secret; but both as Jack Toler and Lord Norbury he has always had the name of being a man who knew the value of a dinner and a bottle, and never bestowed either without having some political or personal advantage in view. Few men had a more fortunate professional career, or more rapid elevation to the highest honors. He, like his chief governor, was an active and indefatigable horseman, fond of the chase, and an unquestionable authority on all points of equine perfection and qualification. Indeed,

his fondness for the horse* betrayed itself in situations the most awful. For example, when young James C—— of Kildare was convicted before his Lordship of that which, in the year 1798, was termed "high treason," viz., being out all night, perhaps, with his sweetheart, and not able or willing to account for himself, or what company he had been in; it has been said that, in pronouncing the dreadful sentence of the law, which he prefaced with a long and affecting detail of his early knowledge of the "*boy's*" former loyalty and good disposition, and concluded with the accustomed invocation to divine mercy, "The Lord have mercy on your soul," he added, in a lower tone of voice to his registrar, "*Tell Jemmy that as he will not want that chesnut pony which he rode into town this morning, he may as well sell him to me!*"

The unfortunate Jemmy C—— did not want that pony again; for in twelve hours after his sentence, the head of the luckless youth, only eighteen years of age, was exhibited on the spikes in the front of the county jail, a horrid spectacle!

* Which he has adopted as the dexter support of his armorial shield.

Lord Norbury's fame for the art (with him the vice) of punning is by no means exaggerated: but it was that of the Irish bar generally; and there scarcely was an occasion too serious to restrain a propensity so derogatory to the dignity of the court. On one occasion, to which I was an accidental witness, a gentleman who was afflicted with a huge wen on one side of his face, having given his evidence in some civil action, had just retired from court. Lord Norbury, who had watched his departure, seemed burning on the bench for an opportunity to say something, and remarked, with the preliminary puff of his cheeks, "that he never heard a clearer evidence;" adding, (with a look at the bar,) "'Tis a pity he was not a lawyer.*"—"Why so, my Lord?" asked little Leonard Macnally, (twisting his head round like a magpie, as he sat beneath the bar.) "*Because he's all jaw,*" said his Lordship. "He'd make a better judge, I think, my Lord," retorted Mac, "for the jaw is all on *one side.*" The court was convulsed with laughter. But these kind of indecent, undignified jokes were (and I fear are still) but too common in the Irish courts of law.

* *Counsellor* in Ireland—in England any *pettifogging attorney.*

Lord Norbury's earthly career must in nature's course soon close. There have been worse men in power than his Lordship. His support of the Union was the last great part he played in the political drama of Irish legislation; and I trust when the curtain of life drops, he may be able to reconcile to his conscience the vote he bestowed, and the influence he exercised to promote the success of that odious measure!

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, although for so many years before the public as the most popular and the most prosperous advocate of his age, and a felicitous speaker, was by no means a profound debater in the senate. His constant and violent opposition to the court party had, to all appearance, doomed him to eternal exclusion from office; but the short-lived whig administration of 1805-6 suddenly placed him in the almost sinecure-office of Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

It has been stated that the great object of his ambition, the Irish chancellorship with a peerage, had indirectly been held out to his hopes. I do not believe that such was the case; for George Ponsonby, who on that occasion succeeded to the Great Seal, had been promised the chancellorship

so far back as 1788, should the party to which he so devotedly attached himself in the memorable regency question ever come into power; and viewing his near connection with the great whig families in both countries—Devonshire, Spencer, Bessborough, &c.—his succession to the woolsack, whenever the opportunity offered, was deemed certain by the English as well as Irish bar. Curran, however, felt mortified, and even ventured to remonstrate through his friend the Marquis of Lansdowne, (then Lord Henry Petty,) while the patents were in preparation; though he judged it prudent to accept of the Rolls, which he shortly afterwards resigned, retiring on a pension of three thousand pounds per annum!

Of his talents it would be as superfluous to speak, as presumptuous to analyze them. They chiefly lay in a brilliant display of oratory which kept his hearers spell-bound, at once delighted and astonished. His speeches on various occasions have been collected with great industry, and given with all the fidelity such fleeting effusions are susceptible of, by his admiring and faithful recorder, the amiable and talented Charles Phillips, who has prefaced his volume with some de-

tails of Curran's private life, which place his character in some respects in a very pleasing point of view.

Of Sir John Blaquiere, K. B., P. C., M. P., &c. &c. &c., a history might be written for the use and instruction of present and future court-sycophants, state-jobbers, and drawing-room dependents. He first gained a footing in Ireland under the Earl of Harcourt, when Lord Lieutenant. Although descended from an ancient and honorable foreign stock, he did not, it is said, possess an acre in any part of the globe ; but his own industry soon procured him that which fortune had denied.

During his connection, as Secretary of State, with the administration of Lord Harcourt, corruption was reduced to such a regular system, that " those who ran might read." The terms of the entrée, from the highest to the meanest office in the castle, custom-house, or other public department, were never a matter of mystery. Sir John prided himself on the merit of having seduced more sturdy patriots into the base subserviency of court dependents, during his public life, than any secretary of modern times, (Castlereagh

not excepted.) On his descent from the secretorial chair, Sir John took the good city of Dublin under his paternal care.

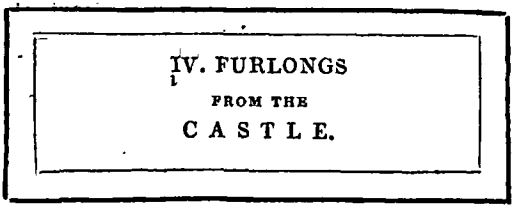
Having obtained the notorious "*paving and lighting act,*" (a deed of darkness,) he procured himself to be nominated perpetual chief commissioner under the bill; the pickings of which office were rather underrated at five thousand pounds per annum. To this were to be added other places and pensions of the value of three more: yet he was ever a needy man, a constant borrower, and a tardy payer. In order to establish a local habitation and a name, he purchased an estate in the county of Westmeath, called Port Lemon, leaving it with an eternal mill-stone round its neck in the shape of mortgage.

It would seem like an attempt to draw on the credulity of my readers to describe some of the *little* jobs which Sir John, as Knight of the Bath, M. P. and Privy Counsellor, did not disdain to turn his hand to.

The visits of an upholsterer (who had long lived on the pleasures of *hope*) became rather troublesome. Sir John cast about him for a *job* to serve this worthy man; nor was his ingenuity

long at a loss to discover one. The acute Right Honourable suddenly discovered that a great public convenience would arise from having the "*furlongs from the castle*" to all parts of the city, and in every direction covering an extent of many *miles*, ascertained, and posted for public information. Many persons pretended to see the great advantages that would arise from such a classification of distance, yet not one of them could for the life of him describe what these advantages were; although the Dublin Journal (then the organ of the Orange corporation and paving-board junta) puffed it off. The hackney-coach and chair fares had been long before regulated, and a *set-down* any where within the circular road (the Boulevards of Dublin) was known to be one shilling, the distance possibly being upwards of a mile; why therefore, when there were no fares *under* a shilling, the fractional furlongs should have been deemed of such importance was a secret which no person could unravel, until it was known to have been undertaken on the suggestion of Sir John; and then every citizen, from the humblest cobbler in his bulk to the army contractor in his buggy, knew the *why* and the *wherefore* of the job. The fa-

youred upholsterer was selected, as the man of all others who took up Sir John's idea the most clearly, as to the nature of the intended work; the grant was obtained, and in a few months handsome broad tablets were stuck up to the amount of probably several hundreds, in the various streets and suburbs of the metropolis, giving the pedestrian the important intelligence (in which he might rejoice or deplore according to circumstances) that he was just then *one, two, three,* or




It is not to be supposed that Sir John's private cabinet derived any addition through the gratitude of the contractor.

* There was, at this period, in Dublin, an attorney of the name of Furlong, who, on the strength of no common stock of assurance (and PROTESTANT loyalty) made himself a kind of "fetch and carry" of the news of the day between the Castle-yard and the hall of the courts: his assumption of the earliest and most important news, (generally picked up as an eaves-dropper in the Castle-yard,) and the impudent pomposity with which he prefaced his intelligence, gained him the nick-name of "*One* FURLONG *from the Castle.*"

His next job was one certainly very necessary for a *privy* counsellor to suggest and superintend; but as his efforts in this laudable scheme were declared to be "*pro bono publico,*" I shall not intrude on the secrets of the *cabinet,* but borrowing its own motto or inscription, "SHUT THE DOOR" on it. For Sir John's adhesion to Castlereagh in the memorable Union question, the peerage of Ireland was adorned with his foreign name.

After all his speculations, he died in very straitened circumstances, leaving Port Lemon still heavily encumbered, and the amiable Baroness an annuitant on the proceeds of one of his patent offices, a sinecure of a thousand a year, now held by one of his sons. His lordship took leave of this world in 1812, and was succeeded in his title and *estate* (?) by his eldest son, the present baron, who lives a retired and inglorious life at Port Lemon, with a numerous family; although the peerage (of course an omission) does not state that the peer ever married. His second son, a lieutenant-general in the army, an officer of undistinguished military fame, lately made an appeal to the sympathy of the public through the journals

of the day, on his domestic infelicity. His third son, a highly-gifted and gallant officer, who had served with great distinction on the continent and in the peninsular campaigns, became entangled several years ago in a crim. con. cause, (Leigh v. Blaquiere,) which drove him from his profession when arrived at the rank of major and assistant quartermaster-general,

> "And all the future voyage of his life
> Was bound in shallows and in misery!"

He died in London, April 1827, beloved and pitied.

Lord de Blaquiere had a brother, or one so called, a Colonel Blaquiere, who was one of the most extraordinary characters both in habits and personal appearance of the age he lived in. He probably was the elder of the two; although his climate-worn visage rendered it impossible to fix his age at any precise number of years, from sixty to ninety. He must, however, in his earlier days have possessed a fine face and person, for in 1800, when I saw him and heard it mentioned, he was then above eighty years old, his carriage was firm and erect, his dark sunken eye full of fire; and his arm (under which he generally embraced

a short but heavy black-thorn club) was the terror of all encroaching coal-porters or intrusive *hod-men.*

His constant dress was an old blue demi-regimental-cut coat, the lappels of which came as low as his hips; the skirts were broad, short, and hooked back, displaying a lining of faded scarlet shaloon, evidently a "tale (tail) of other times;" scarlet waistcoat edged with lace, guiltless in its latter days of any outward display of the precious metals; breeches of black velvet, brass buttons, and knee-bands once of lace; white woollen stockings, with short canvass gaiters, highly blacked and varnished, (such as were common in the days of Wolfe,) gave effect to his well-shaped leg; while shoes of substantial thickness completed his lower outfit.

On the very apex of an extraordinary shaped head, was a fierce-looking black bob-tailed wig, which ensconced half the *forehead* at the expence of much of the poll, surmounted by a hat which defies description. It had been originally tri-cocked, and of the Cumberland cut, which had this peculiar advantage, that, thrown on the head ever so carelessly, it always presented a *cock in front.* Old age, wear

and tear, and the politeness of the veteran, had almost obliterated its triangular formation, and but for the cockade, which dangled over the left eye of the wearer, and which "gave the world assurance" that it was once a hat, it might have passed for a cap, or bonnet of the age of the Tudors.

Firm as flint, he braved all weathers in this thread-bare costume; although, more provident than his brother, he had scraped together, it was said, a few thousands, the savings of some jobs in the way of forage contracts for the army, which his Right Honorable relative had procured for, and probably snacked *with* him. The old soldier was strictly honourable in all his pecuniary transactions, and proudly boasted that he owed no man a shilling!

His domestic menage was as extraordinary as all his other arrangements. Truly oriental in his habit, he enjoyed his plurality of wives; and, what is more astonishing, compelled them all to reside under the same roof. When any difference or squabbles arose on the score of priority of favor, he applied the powers of his black-thorn talisman, which abroad was his defence, at home his baton of command; and it seldom

failed to restore, if not peace, at least silence.

Coming home one evening to his suburban cabin on the Drumcondra road, he reached the door when the full tide of war between his trio of wives had reached its height. Waiting for a moment's pause in the storm, (for he was a good tactician,) he took advantage of it to salute the door of his humble domicile with one whack of his talisman, which instantly put to flight all other thoughts but those of individual safety in the astounded inmates. The question now was, who would venture to open the door? An awful pause ensued, but a second knock, louder than the first, decided the matter, and *all* rushed to the door, which opened to receive their lord and master.

"How now, ye hags?" said the Colonel, "always squabbling—always fighting! D— you, can't you agree? there are *but three* of you!"

He cared so little about any man's opinion of his mode of life, that he never made a secret of it: of his neighbours, who were a poor and lowly race of cottagers, some looked upon him as mad; and others as being "*sould to the devil,* and careless what he said or did in this life!" a chari-

table conclusion, which the lower orders of the Irish are extremely prone to come to in regard to such characters. The Colonel had as many sons as king Priam, some of whom have distinguished themselves as soldiers; and some wielding the sword and the pen with equal grace and honor. The eccentric translator of "Schiller's thirty years war" was said to be his eldest born. I remember seeing him in 1797, a Captain R. I. A., an erratic comet in our world of little stars; a giant amongst us pigmies, but, unfortunately, an ultra-devotee to Bacchanalian joys.

## CHAPTER XII.

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral comical, historical pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited.

THE seducing and dangerous effects of "days of ease and nights of pleasure" were never more fully exemplified than in the state of unhappy Ireland at this period. While the court was a scene of every species of thoughtless dissipation, turbulence, rapine, and midnight murder raged throughout the country. That spirit of insurrection, which under various names had pervaded the lower classes of all the provinces from time immemorial, at this period revived in some of the counties under the name of *Defenderism*. The title of Defender was now substituted for

"*White-Boy,*" "*Heart of Steel,*" "*Peep o' day Boy,*" &c. So inefficient had been the means employed for the suppression of this widely-spread banditti, that their depredations at last approached the capital, and the adjoining counties of Wicklow, Meath, and Kildare, were night after night the scene of some shocking outrage. Wretches were hung up by dozens, but still the evil was not subdued. In the midst of these horrors, the wheel of fashion whirled on in its giddy round: the great emporium of pleasure and intrigue was the private theatre, Fishamble Street. From some offence taken by the leaders of the ton at the conduct of Daly, the patentee of the Dublin theatre, they determined to establish one of their own; and certainly if such an innovation of the rights of an individual, and of a profession dependent on public favor for their daily bread, could be defended or palliated, the splendid manner in which their object was carried into effect would throw a veil over its injustice, and indeed, cruelty. This theatre, about as large as the Lyceum, had originally been called the Music

Hall, where concerts and oratorios had been periodically given in former days, but which fell into decay in consequence of a melancholy occurrence some years previously, when, on the occasion of a public meeting to discuss some political subject, the floor gave way, and many lives were unfortunately lost, besides several persons maimed for life.

The interior of the building remained in ruins for some time, until Mr Owenson, (the father of the celebrated Lady Morgan,) a man of considerable talent in his profession as an actor, and great personal respectability of character in private life, fitted it up as a theatre for burlettas, farces, &c., under a civic licence. His failure once more left it a desert, and so it remained until the committee of noblemen and gentlemen, appointed to conduct the affairs of this dramatic club, (as it might fairly be termed,) engaged it for a term of years, and fitted it up in a style of unequalled magnificence and splendor. During its preparation the subscription list overflowed, although the difficulty of becoming a subscriber was great, owing to a regulation to which each candidate was obliged to submit, by his eligi-

bility being made the subject of the ballot in which one black ball in ten excluded.

The committee, having been composed of the very elite of fashion, took care to preserve the purity of their order. At the head of the committee stood the late Earl of Westmeath, a musician, man of taste, of humour, and quite a theatrical amateur. The stage manager was Mr. Frederick Jones, the same gentleman who in after years succeeded to the patenteeship, and management of the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, and who *of course* (but without the slightest blemish to his character) failed, as all his predecessors had done before him; not however until he had exhausted some of the best years of his life, his entire private fortune, and that of many tradesmen who became involved in his misfortunes in this hopeless speculation.

All parts of this splendid temple of pleasure were fitted up with equal attention to elegance and comfort; the seats in the boxes and pit were considered the exclusive privilege of the fair sex of the graver age and character, while the gentlemen took their stations at the back of the boxes, or in those avenues which were left

in the pit for entrance and egress, known at the Opera by the very well applied name of "*Fops' Alley.*" In the gallery the ladies and gentlemen sat promiscuously, but in all parts of the house full dress was indispensable. In this gallery, towards the right hand of the principal entrance, a few rows from the front, the Lord Lieutenant took his seat, with his delightful friend Mrs. Stratford, encircled by a halo of the high and distinguished personages of the vice-regal court.

In this galaxy of love and lustre, the observer might moralize on the *innocent* flirtations of the celebrated beauties of the day. Secure in the society by which they were encompassed, all ceremony was banished; and soon as the appearance of the drop scene announced the end of an act, every tongue was enfranchised, and lovely lips gave utterance to those sentiments which a tedious act had imprisoned. There was an admissible and *perfectly innocent* closeness of contact allowed in the gallery, (which was always crowded,) which the etiquette of the lower circle rendered it impossible to indulge in without exciting observations "unpleasing to the married ear."

At the close of the entertainment the whole audience, to the number of six or eight hundred, congregated in the grand saloon, where that unmeaning conversation called *fashionable* caused a continuous clatter of tongues until the call of carriages thinned the room. Then might be seen the courtly viceroy a willing captive in the train of the seducing Stratford; his secretary Hobart (afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire) leading out the gentle Adderly (on whom he bestowed his hand and title,)—then the handsome Thurles, (late Marquis of Ormonde,) like another Antony ready to lose the world for the Cleopatra, Cl—e. The miniature Adonis C—v—nd—h B—d—w took possession of his future bride, the Countess of W——th. The gallant Cradock (of course) led out the still beautiful Mrs. A. D——n; while the young and lovely Lady C— (now Countess of G—g—ll) was unfashionably gallanted by her *husband!* The Countess of Gl—d—e claimed the escort of the "*first-turn-out*" man of fashion who happened to be disengaged. Long Landaff, then Frank Mathew, (six feet three, and handsome as Apollo,) stooped to pour "soft nonsense" into the ready ear of his *Honorable*

little *friend* Mrs. W——d; while his bluff brother Montague glowed under crimson smiles of the *portly* Lady C——ll. Here too the beautiful Countess of E——, (late Miss B——,) though surrounded by a host of admirers, found none more fond, or more attractive in her eyes, than her own *handsome Hercules*, the gallant earl.

Seated in a snug corner, shrouded from observation, the insidious Donoughmore fixed his basalisk eyes on pretty little P—lk—g—n, (Tommy Moore's "*lovely duodecimo,*") and seemed to live but in her looks, and draw them all on himself; while in another, the *cautious* Arthur Wesley, (then the *corporal*, now the GREAT CAPTAIN of the age!) took post beside the wife of a citizen bottonier, who had seen too much of the world of fashion at a certain large house in College Green to become quite reconciled to the *shop*. The world gave to this acquaintance the character of an intrigue, but it was generally discredited, *because* the report was grounded on the then major's supposed *attachment:* (Arthur Wesley *attached!!*—ridiculous!)

Of the merits of the *acting* company little

can be said in praise. Some of the operas and farces were tolerable. Captain Ashe, who was their Macheath, Hawthorn, and Giles, was a good bass singer, and was seconded by Captain French of the Carbineers, as well as by Captain Withrington of the 9th Dragoons; both tolerable vocalists. Frederick Faulkner (who made such a lamentable *exit* in Italy some few years since) was one of the fine gentlemen of the stage; and Frederick Jones, the manager, their chief Irishman. But he had nothing of the Sir Lucius or the O'Flaherty about him, but the broad shoulders, the calves, and the brogue. Humphrey Butler (of four-in-hand memory) was the "Fag," "Trip," and "Tom," of the company, and generally felt himself *at home* in livery. The selection of such parts for *him* was rather invidious, it must be confessed. The best actor by far amongst the amateur aspirants for dramatic fame was the late Earl of Westmeath, whose "*Father Luke*" in the *Poor Soldier* was the most perfect and finished picture of the *Irish parish priest* ever exhibited on any stage. His Lordship was a man of infinite humour, great

good-nature, and a talented musician. The orchestra fell under his control, and it was the best managed part of the entertainments.

At this period, amongst other whims of the day, several noblemen and gentlemen of the young and sportive time of life established a club called the "CHEROKEES." The members were selected from the most dashing and care-driving members of Daly's and the Kildare Street clubs; and the qualifications were, I believe, being *hard drinkers, free-thinkers*—men who *knew* everybody and *cared* for nobody!

The dress of the members was *black* from head to foot; scarlet-silk covered buttons, and bunches of the same coloured riband at the knees of the breeches and in the shoes. This costume was an improvement on the *black* and *yellow flame* colored uniform of the old "HELLFIRE CLUB," which flourished a quarter of a century before, and which became *extinguished* as its members one by one WENT HOME!

The new club, which ran its little day in whim and pleasantry, did not practise any of those profane and atrocious ceremonies which fame attributed to its infernal predecessor. The

late Marquis of Ormonde, his brother Wandesford Butler, Lord Landaff, Montague Mathew, James Butler, (present Marquis Ormonde, then Captain in the 14th Dragoons,) Lord Conyngham, his brother Burton, Cavendish Bradshaw, Thomas (commonly called Jerusalem) Whaley, his brother John, *all* the Beresfords, Lord Errol, Frederick Faulkner, &c., were the prompters and supporters of the club, which dwindled into nonentity when the war afforded more honorable employment to its members.

Amongst the staff of Lord Westmoreland at this period was a fine young man, scarcely seventeen, just then entering into life, whose subsequent career fully confirmed the high expectations his youth promised. This individual was the present Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Fane, G. C. B., then captain-lieutenant of the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards. He was the nephew and aide-de-camp of the Lord Lieutenant: in person magnificent for his age, and his face a picture of manly beauty, he of course soon became a favorite with ladies of a *certain* age, always the *serious* admirers of such promising manhood. But not all the pleasures the gay Irish court afforded had the power to

withdraw him from the duties of a profession to which his talents, united to the most splendid courage, have done honor.

When, after a lapse of fifteen years, I saw him at Vimeiro, gallantly cheering on his brave brigade to victory, "*seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth,*" joining the undaunted spirit of the British Grenadier to the judgment of the British General, memory brought before me the tall slim youth of 1793; and I dwelt with sensations of pleasure on the recollection, when at the close of that glorious day I felt the kind pressure of his hand, and beheld him attending to the necessities and wants of the wounded and disabled of his renowned "little brigade," kindly cheering those brave fellows who under his gallant example had so nobly sustained the honor of the British Arms,

## CHAPTER XIII.

And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

As the year 1793 advanced, the most active preparations for war were on foot in every department. A force of ten thousand men, selected from the troops serving in the Irish establishment, was ordered to rendezvous at Cork, where a fleet of transports had been for some time collecting to convey them to the West Indies.

This force was composed of six regiments of infantry, (the 39th, 40th, 43rd, 58th, 64th, and 70th,) together with the flank companies of *all* the other regiments then serving in Ireland: a finer body of men for their numbers was possibly never assembled.

The brigade of Grenadiers was placed under the command of that gallant officer, Colonel Cradock, (now General Lord Howden,) who resigned his post of Quarter-Master General in Ireland to embrace a command fraught with every danger. To his partner in peril, the late Colonel Freemantle, the command of the light brigade was entrusted. Three regiments of dismounted cavalry, the 14th, 17th, and 18th Light Dragoons, were at the same time embarked for this distant service; an unnecessary sacrifice, as subsequent events but too painfully demonstrated.

To this scene of bustle I was invited by a friend, who, without any previous experience of its duties, undertook the office of temporary Commissary-General to the troops ordered for embarkation, which in fact implied no more than clerk of delivery of stores and money; but it was like all other Irish affairs, a lucrative job! To this gentleman, who held a civil office in the Ordnance department, I offered my services as one of his assistants.

Arrived at the cove of Cork, in the autumn of 1793, I had an opportunity of observing the confusion attendant on an extensive and ill-arranged

embarkation of a large expeditionary force. To add to it, a sudden order arrived to the Commander-in-chief, to despatch, with all possible haste, a brigade of heavy, and another of light cavalry, to reinforce the army under the Duke of York on the continent. The latter service was performed in such a precipitate and incautious manner, that nearly one-fifth of the horses were either killed or disabled in the slings.

The loss would have been even more severe, but for the always valuable services of the navy. There were then at Cove a fifty-gun ship, the Medusa, (guard-ship;) the Magicienne frigate, Captain Martin; the Rose, Captain Riou, who, having distinguished himself by his unparalleled firmness and constancy under the most awful circumstances, when shut up in ice, in the Guardian frigate, nobly fell in battle, many years after, in the moment of victory; sustaining to the last moment of his life the honor of an unsullied name, and the character of that noble service to which he had ever been an ornament; the Pearl, Captain Drury; the Sphynx, Captain Lucas; (the three latter were the convoy appointed for the West Indies;) with other vessels of war of in-

ferior strength. There were also, under detention or conditional capture, six large and valuable Dutch East-Indiamen, which our cruisers had picked up and detained on their way from Batavia to Holland.

This embarkation, and the assemblage of so many objects of attraction at the port of Cork, drew together an immense influx of visitors to that city and its vicinity. As the period of sailing approached, the *towns* (which in those days were paltry villages) of *Passage* and *Cove* became so crowded, that three or four guineas per week were demanded by the needy householders for the miserable accommodation of a couple of rooms; but wretched as the accommodations were, they were cheerfully endured by those, who for the last time in life enjoyed the loved society of a husband, parent, or brother, with whose smiles they were destined never more to be cheered. It is a melancholy fact, that not one-tenth of the brave army then embarked for the West Indies lived to wear the laurels their gallantry so nobly won.

Island after island fell in rapid succession to their conquering arms; victory every where

crowned the British banner; but dire disease followed in her train, and swept off, with unsparing hand, alike the conquerors and the conquered.

After a variety of blunders and delays, arising chiefly from the ignorance of many of the working members of the civil and military departments entrusted with the details of the embarkation, the fleets were at length declared ready to sail on their several destinations.

It must be recollected, however, that these were the first days of war after a *rusting* ten years' peace; that "war is no common art," and that the embarkation or landing of a large force, with order and regularity, is not one of the least of its difficulties. The public departments were then either in their infancy or their dotage. There was a *Minden* mustermaster-general, a Canadian commissary-general, a gallant but untaught quarter-master-general, amongst whose army of assistants few could be found with ability to *map* a potatoe garden; juvenile artillerists, who scarcely knew the muzzle from the breech of a gun; artificers, who just knew "a hawk from a handsaw;" and assistant-adjutants-general who had to depend on clerks and non-com-

missioned officers for the accuracy of their military returns. The high state of efficiency to which *all the* military, and *some few* of the civil departments of the united service has been brought, has been dearly purchased; but the materiel of the British army and navy at present may be equalled, but certainly not surpassed by that of any nation in Europe. On the sailing of the fleets I returned to Dublin, having received the thanks of my friend for what he was pleased to term my valuable assistance.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Then—the soldier.

It was my great delight, at this period of my life, to attend guard-mounting at the Castle-yard every morning the weather permitted. My acquaintance with many of the officers of the garrison gave me the entrée of the circle; and by this constant association with military men, my penchant for the naval service gradually passed away. A new desire was creeping on me, for the indulgence of which I had not long to sigh.

Early in 1794 letters of service were granted to several noblemen and gentlemen, and in less than three weeks from the 1st of May the whole of Ireland became covered with recruiting parties. In addition to the new levies, the Royal Irish

Artillery was augmented to three battalions, while second battalions were added to all the regiments of the line then serving in Ireland. With this sudden call on the population of the country for a contribution of fifty thousand men, it is astonishing in what a short space of time the call was answered and the levies completed.

To the quality of the stuff much objection might have been started; but the standard as to age and altitude was not (as regarded the regiments of the line at least) in those days so rigidly severe as in former times, nor the form and capacity of the man, "*mere mortal man! food for powder,*" too scrupulously scanned. Amongst those to whom letters of service had been granted, Colonel John Doyle appeared one of the earliest in the field. With all that tact and talent by which it has been his good fortune through life to win and preserve the favor of all to whom he became known, from the prince to the peasant; he headed his recruiting party on its first public appearance, dressed in the uniform of the hussars of the

"PRINCE OF WALES'S IRISH HEROES!"

He was a fine manly looking soldier, between thirty and forty years of age, above the middle

height, possessing a handsome lively face, and an eye like Mars.

In his first harangue to the populace he gave that pledge, which at the end of six and thirty years he can happily and proudly say he never forfeited:—

"My lads, here are the colours of our KING! here the emblem of our dear Country;" (pointing to the green flag, with the harp and crown which waved beside the British colours.) "May they be for ever united! You know me too well to believe I come to raise and sell ye! No, my brave IRISH HEROES, you shall never be drafted, and by the blessing of God, your Colonel, JOHN DOYLE, will remain your Colonel to the last moment of his life!"

It is a fact, that in ONE day he raised the astonishing number of THREE-hundred able-bodied recruits.

The Doyles are a highly talented family. Of the various branches, (and they are numerous,) I scarcely know one whose course of life has not been eminently prosperous: if "conduct be fate," their success affords the most ample proof of honor and rectitude.

General Sir John Doyle, Bart., Grand Cross of the Bath, who still commands the heroes, (the 87th, or Irish fusileers,) and who may now be called the head of the family, has said more witty things and done more worthy actions, than it falls to the lot of many men to boast of. With the snows of nearly four-score winters on his brow, he unites in himself a rare and delightful combination of talent; blending the judgment of the sage with the vivacity of youth; the learning of the scholar with the polished wit of the man of fashion; and the elegance of the courtier with the sincerity of the friend. His military career commenced during the American war, as companion in arms to that illustrious character, Lord Rawdon, (late Marquess of Hastings,) who, to the latest moment of his honorable life, preserved the most devoted affection to the friend of his youth. So great was the popularity of Colonel Doyle, that he completed one battalion in the short space of a month, and in less than three had the honor to head it in the field of battle *.

Numbers of my acquaintance and school-fellows had donned the scarlet jacket, and although the

* At Alost, in 1791, where he received a sabre-wound.

recollection of the trouble and mortification I had given my good father on my former selection of a profession, kept my tongue silent as regarded my wishes, I took daily opportunities of showing the interest I felt in the busy scene then passing. I was held as an authority on every recruiting party that appeared; I could tell their colonel, colours, dress, and distinctions, with all the accuracy of their own adjutants.

My father perceiving my growing partiality for a military life, and being desirous of putting me forward in the world, now that my eldest brother was serving his clerkship to the law, and my second at college, whilst I was acquiring, through his indulgence, those habits of expence which with his limited means and numerous family it would have been criminal to encourage, he accordingly, one fine Sunday morning, sent for me to his dressing-room, and put this question to me.

"Oliver, should you like to enter the army, in case I could procure *a pair of colours** for you?" "Sir, I should be delighted; but after my ill

* One knows what a *pair* of breeches, a *pair* of tongs, or a *pair* of bellows means; but I never yet could ascertain the derivation of that old-fashioned term, *pair* of colours, for *one* poor ensign!

luck with Lord Charles, and all your trouble on that occasion, I feared to hint my wishes to you before."—"Well then," said he, with a smile which inspired confidence, "go to Captain Atkinson to-morrow morning, and he will talk to you on the subject; and, if I mistake not, have something to say that will give you pleasure."

I went off to church in high spirits, but to my shame I confess it, thinking more of Dundas's *eighteen movements* than of the ten commandments.

Next day, by ten o'clock, I was at Wood Quay, opposite to Moira House, watching with anxious eyes for the approach of the worthy, witty Joseph Atkinson and his dappled pony. While counting the moments with impatience, the main-guard passed me on its way from the royal barracks to the Castle. The troop of the 7th dragoon guards (or "black horse," as it was called) never to my eye seemed so superb, nor *Hef Consadine*, who rode at its head, more consequential. The band of the Pompadours never, to my ear, played so pompously; even Brigadier-Major Reed, who brought up the rear, and whose immense belly appeared to turn the corner of Barrack-

street five seconds before the rest of his portly person hove in sight—even old Reed himself seemed all grace and dignity.* I involuntarily followed the guard in regular pace, until I found myself half-way to the Castle, when I recognised honest Joe on his cob, with whose dimensions in the girth he was at that period nearly equal. He was jogging along, followed by a gang of little blackguard boys, who, knowing his gregarious propensities, hung upon his rear to dispute the honour of holding his horse while he dismounted to chat with my lord this or general that. The captain was a courtier, but a kind one; never passing a great man without a bow, or a poor one without a smile. At this time he was quite on the *qui vive* canvassing for agencies, and as no disengaged colonel could say "no!" to such a good-natured soul, he succeeded in obtaining a fair

* Major Reed had originally been a drummer; having gradually risen from the ranks to the command of a company, he retired after the American war from the line, and purchased the post of major of brigade to the Dublin garrison. This Falstaff of the town was of the most extraordinary dimensions, more particularly his belly, which gave rise to the severe but witty observation of the late Earl Carhampton, that the "man had certainly swallowed his DRUM!"

share of the new levies, notwithstanding the more powerful influence of Armit and Borough, Fraser and Reed, Messrs Ormisby, and Cane; the first of which firms, besides its extensive Scotch connexions, possessed a strong hold of the *Castle interest;* and a hint from the secretary-at-war was in most cases decisive to colonels in the choice of their agent, when taking up their letters of service.

I believe the great leviathan of Craig's Court has to thank the recommendation (tantamount to a command) of an illustrious individual now no more for many a fat agency. Having said thus much *en passant*, it would be unjust not to add that the liberality of this most respectable house has ever been unbounded; and many a gallant officer who now figures in the highest ranks of the military profession owed his timely promotion to the generous aid afforded him "*in the very nick o' time*" by this truly munificent establishment.

It was no difficult thing to keep pace with the pony of the warm-hearted Joe, but before we reached his office he dismounted, in order to converse with me with greater freedom. He expressed

his hopes of obtaining an ensigncy for me without purchase, through the interest of his friend Earl Moira, whose brother, the Honourable Colonel Rawdon, it was expected, would raise a regiment of infantry; but that at all events the commission should not cost my father more than about half the regulation. "In the meantime," he added, "you shall have a beating order, with letters of introduction to Lord Moira's friends and tenantry in the county of Meath, where the family name and influence will no doubt promote your success." These preliminaries arranged, I was introduced into the office of Messrs. Atkinson and Woodward, where honest old Humphrey Woodward stared at me as some fresh importation of his poetical partner's; for Joe, in the midst of his military business could scribble off odes, dedications, and sonnets on every subject, whether of congratulation or condolence, from the birth of a son and heir to the death of a favourite lap-dog.

As Humphrey Woodward (a Cocker *redivivus*) was the man of figures, the courtier Joe (the Chesterfield of the house) was the man of letters; and his occasional neglect of this portion of the business, while wooing the muses, gave rise to

many friendly squabbles. The labours of the day had just commenced; Humphrey, with spectacles apparently rivetted on a nose which seemed to have been expressly formed by nature for their reception, was hanging over a ponderous ledger, with pen in mouth and pencil in hand, running up a long column of figures; when at the very critical moment of arriving at the top line of his task, he was suddenly interrupted by the inspired Joe reciting aloud, but to himself, the first stanza of a new song:

When Cupid first our bosom fires
And wins our youthful heart!

"Pish! d—d nonsense," (peevishly muttered Humphrey, taking his pen from his mouth and sticking it behind his ear,) "now I must go up the whole of the column again. Why don't you write to Lord Donoughmore? his letter has remained two days unanswered."

"True, true, my dear fellow! how the deuce could I have forgotten it!—Jemmy," (addressing an ancient scribe in the office, who wrote officials in the day, and copied madrigals in the evening,) "begin a letter to Lord Donoughmore."

Joe A. (dictating)—"Dublin 10th May, 1794."

Jemmy—(writing)—" Ninety-four."

Joe—" My dear Lud."

Jemmy—" *Lud*" (written *Lord* however).

Joe—" We have been honoured with your Ludship's letter of the 6th."

Jemmy—" Sixth."

Joe A.—(scribbling away most furiously, without attending to Jemmy, who repeats " *Sixth*,"—no answer.)

Jemmy again, with emphasis—" *let-ter-of-the* SIXTH."

Joe A.—" Hem! hem! 'We have been honoured with your Ludship's letter of the Sixth.' "

Jemmy—" I have written it, Sir."

Joe A.—(soliloquizing)—

> When Cupid first our bosom fires
> And wins our youthful heart.

—our youthful heart"—(waving his pen over his head, as if invoking the muses for a rhyme)—" our youthful heart—heart—dart—part—smart" — * * * * ! ! !" cried Humphrey, in a rage: "before Heaven, my dear Joe, you're fitter for Bedlam than an office; here's a week's business in arrear, and your d—d poetry engrosses the whole of your attention."

Joe—"My d—d poetry! ha! ha! ha! well Humphrey, my dear fellow, there's no disputing against taste; my d—d poetry!—excellent!"

Humphrey—"No, my dear Joe, nor is there any getting on in our business unless we attend to it."

Joe to Jemmy—"Give young Mr. Moore all the letters that are marked in the corner; he can make out my scrawl, and we'll soon get through the arrears."

Thus was I set to work. Joe finished his stanza and went over to Moira House; Humphrey once more attacked and soon subdued the formidable column; and by dint of the united labours of the veteran scribe and myself nearly twenty letters were (as the partners were pleased to say) "neatly and skilfully put out of hand" in the course of the morning; not one needing correction, more than the insertion of the pounds, shillings, and pence, for which due spaces were left, to be filled up by the clockwork Humphrey, who never made a mistake in his life but once—when, in a fit of abstraction, he found his way to the bedside of an ancient virgin, who was a visitor at his country-house, instead of his own; and was only roused

from his lethargy by a salutation he had not been in the habit of receiving from his own good lady; a very amiable and pious woman, but who was unfortunately so deaf that he generally announced his approach to the connubial couch by bawling in her ear—"*It's only me, my dear!*"

"And who *are* you, ruffian?" screamed the affrighted Lucretia of the night; inflicting at the same moment one more seam on a face which nature, in the bitterness of her freaks, had already marked like corduroy. A short explanation restored peace in the chamber: the lady slept secure; and Humphrey (who was the very essence of chastity) repaired to his own bed, determined to *write* a circumstantial account of the whole adventure for his wife's information next morning; for as to a verbal report, he might as well attempt to hold a conversation with the Hill of Howth.

This first specimen of my talents at the desk had nearly rivetted me to it; for every day for the ensuing fortnight I was required to attend; and no sooner were the post letters opened and read than they were passed over to "Moore," with a few sentences written on the turned-up corner by Captain A., whose scrawl was at times

illegible. However I contrived to give every day additional satisfaction by my voluntary services; and the kind and hospitable Humphrey would keep me to share his fish and beef, and drink his excellent claret almost daily, rather than allow me to walk three miles to my home. This comfort was not without its drawbacks: in the evening I was regaled with his usual concert *in his stable*, (to which he was obliged to resort, lest an indictment should be preferred against him for a nuisance,) where perching his rather elderly deaf wife on a corn-bin, he slung his drum, the only instrument whose sound could touch her tympanum, and whistling some popular tune, beat away with all the skill and with all the fierceness of visage of a regular tambour-major. That noisy point of war, "The Grenadier's March," generally concluded the concert, when the indulgent husband, unbracing at once his drum and the rigidity of his features, led and sometimes carried his good wife to the tea-parlour.

Humphrey was a man who held every moral obligation in such profound respect, that he would have died a martyr to his duty to heaven or man. He was one of the ugliest men in Dublin, and

would have been *the* ugliest, had not Gustavus Nicholls* lived and flourished in the full supremacy of his order. He possessed no great store of worldly wealth, when this amiable woman, highly respectable in family and fortune, bestowed her hand upon him: he vowed to love and cherish her, and if ever man kept that sacred vow with religious strictness, honest Humphrey was that *rara avis!*

* Captain Gustavus Nicholls, Town-Major of Dublin, commonly called "*De Gustibus!*" admitted president of the Ugly Club.

## CHAPTER XV.

Hark to the drum!
It beats—come, come!

THE 1st of June, 1794, arrived; and the noon of that day found me on my road to Manor Rawdon, county of Meath, at the head of a respectable recruiting party, bearing the colours of the Loyal Leinster Volunteers, and the French grey of the Rawdon family. I attended the venerable Countess Moira, early that morning, to receive my letters of introduction; and she kept me at her knee for a full hour, giving me her kindest advice for my conduct, and instructions for my proceedings. "Beware," she said, "of exposing yourself or party amongst the haunts of the *defenders*, against whose hostility even the name of my be-

loved son would not protect you." I shall never forget the kind manner in which she concluded her speech. "My child, you are very young, and I have thought it right to commit you to the care of Mr. Robin O'Farrell, an old and faithful servant of our house, to whom this letter is addressed. He is therein ordered to leave you as little as possible by day and night. You must take up your abode at the village inn: it is kept by my son's tenant, a respectable widow, who will shew you every kindness. You must listen to advice while there, for it is a wild country, and these are troublesome times. Mr. Newnham and his brother are the nearest magistrates, to whom I have furnished you with letters. They are loyal and good men, and love my dear son" (here her eyes filled with tears) "as he DESERVES to be LOVED!" I was so affected by these proofs of maternal affection, that I could scarcely retain the drop which stood trembling in my eyes. She dismissed me with a most kind, yet dignified farewell; in which the grandeur of the ancient Baroness gained a momentary ascendancy over the amiable weakness of the most affectionate of mothers!

Short as was the distance, (less than thirty miles,) it was late in the night ere I reached my recruiting quarters, where my arrival was greeted by the obtruding heads (through the broken casement of the inn door) of two gigantic dogs, who barked out a horrid welcome. However, Cromwell and Lion (the names of the canine guardians of the hall) were soon called to order; and I had scarcely time to make good my billet by hanging up my sword, &c., ere O'Farrell, the faithful, made his appearance to welcome me with all respect and duty. When he saw his honored lady's hand-writing, tears of joy coursed each other down his aged cheek, and he looked at it again and again, each time pressing it to his heart, and murmuring a blessing on the writer, ere he opened it and read its contents.

The first lines were,

"Robin O'Farrell,

"This will be presented to you by Mr. Moore, a young gentleman, who is to be an Ensign in my son's regiment."

Robin instantly turned to me, and with an obsequious bow, said, "Captain, welcome to our poor village!"

"You perceive, Mr. O'Farrell," I replied, "that I am as yet hardly an ensign." Pursuing the course of the letter, he saw the duty with which he stood charged; and to assure me that his fidelity and courage were not overrated, he threw back the skirt of his George-the-Second-cut coat, and displayed a buck-handled couteau-de-chasse, half knife, half hanger, something like the Turkish yatagan; and touching the haft, said, "Captain, here's this which has made many a defender and white boy fly!" This I afterwards found was no vain boast. Words of mutual satisfaction were exchanged, and very shortly succeeded by a spatch-cock* and a jorum of whiskey punch, to the first of which my ready appetite did ample justice; while old Robin joined me in flowing bumpers to the health of his honored lady and her idolized son.

My sergeant, who, with the corporal, four privates, and my fifer, (we had no drum,) were regaling in the lower room or kitchen, was called in, and in the due and erect position of a soldier

* Spatch-cock: a fowl, whose *apprehension, execution,* and *ultimate dissection* on table, seldom occupy above half an hour: in fact, a "DISPATCHED COCK!"

tossed off an overflowing tumbler to the "*Health of the Noble Earl Moira!*" Then, with a touch of his hand to his forehead, retired to praise my punch, and—my condescension.

The alehouse of an insignificant Irish village, not exhibiting one good house, could hardly be expected to abound in luxuries; yet my portly landlady, the widow Malone, could boast of one bed fit for the noble loins of the lord of the manor himself. Into this I was regularly inducted. The sergeant and party had a well-secured out-house entirely to themselves, in which they found "*dry lodging.*"

I slept soundly during the few hours of a mid-summer night, and was up and fresh by six o'clock. My attentive old guardian was at his post by seven to take my orders for the day. Amongst my party was an unfortunate debauched hair-dresser from Dublin, who, full of drink and distress, enlisted for a soldier. His name was English; but while with the party in Dublin, he had gained the nickname of "*Husho!*" For what reason I never inquired; but it was that by which he was best known. On him I fixed as my orderly and servant, and found him an excellent friz at

least. The arrival of the baggage car afforded me employment in unpacking my stationery, slop-clothing, &c.; after which I walked forth with old O'Farrell.

The figure of this venerable man was quite a study for an artist. At the age of seventy-six he stood full six feet high, and as erect as a poplar; there was at once a blended dignity and solemnity in his carriage, which inspired respect at first sight. His dress was one entire suit of bark-coloured brown; the buttons of the coat continued down the front to the very bottom of the full and ample skirt; the pocket flaps ornamented with three buttons, as were the long and low flaps of the lengthy waistcoat. In the knees of his breeches were curious old silver buckles, a corresponding pattern with the bright and massive pair that shone in his high-quartered shoes; and at the button-hole of his breast hung a small silver horn, the badge of his office, as holding the perpetual deputation of the manors of the Moira family in these parts. There was not a single drawback to lessen my admiration of his very striking face and figure: his limbs were powerful and finely shaped; his temperance and

habits of exercise had so preserved their strength and elasticity, that this fine old man could walk twenty Irish miles in five hours, with his gun on his arm, over a broken country without fatigue or halt. He was usually attended by two or three brace of the best dogs in the country, which he of course called his "dear lord's," and no man in his district could vie with him as a shot.

The next morning I set apart for delivering my letters of introduction. We accordingly set out about midday for Tubbertinane, the seat of the Messrs. Newnham. Our route lay over a dreary bog extending as far as the eye could reach, where it appeared bounded by the horizon. After an uninteresting walk of a few miles, we turned off to our right, and broke all at once upon a house and grounds of comfortable appearance, the residence of these gentlemen, who occupied a large tract of country chiefly their own; and exercised a feudal control over a numerous and widely scattered tenantry.

They were at home to receive me, which they did most cordially. To think of setting off before dinner from the mansion of an Irish gentleman was one of those impossible things, which those who value

their brains would never attempt: so when the question was put to me, "What time I wished to dine?" I answered "all hours are alike to me: the night will be light, and having Mr. O'Farrell with his dogs as an escort, I fear nothing."—"Spoke like a man, my tight young fellow," (said the elder brother;) "so after you have rested yourself, we'll have a try for a hare while the potatoes are boiling." Old Robin's celebrated dog *Fly*, happening to be of our canine party, was put in requisition, and with his aid, the greyhounds of Messrs. Newnham afforded us some delightful runs, and a leash of hares; the course lay over an uncut bog for several miles extent, so open to the view that we never lost sight of the dogs or hare one moment. I was (like all other town-bred boys) nothing of a sportsman; but I enjoyed the coursing with all the ardour of youth.

Dinner hour having approached, a short ablution and a rub at my boots enabled me to appear in the dining-room with decency. My hosts were bachelors; but I found an aged couple, named Knight, at table, who seemed to be *at home*; whether as relations or visitors I was left to conjecture. They

were probably "*poor relations,*" a class disowned and discouraged in the more highly civilized sister country, but welcomed with open arms in this land of mercy to misfortune! We sat down to a most excellent dinner; trout of the finest quality; mutton of an age and delicacy of flavor that would put to shame the shambles of Leadenhall; with poultry and other dainties to please the most fastidious palates. The wines were suitable to the other excellencies of the board; and to crown my enjoyments, I heard the elder Mr. Newnham from time to time order the servant to take to the table of Mr. O'Farrell the best of our own fare. The good old man had been placed in an adjoining room, where the household did their best to render him comfortable: his unassuming manners and respectability of character disarmed even the liveried class of envy; they treated him with that degree of kindness and cordial attention, which is more than mere civility.

At eleven o'clock one bright summer night I took leave of the hospitable mansion of Tubbertinane, and set off for my quarters, distant about four Irish miles. Old Robin had marshalled his dogs; and in the course of our short journey the

youth of seventeen had more than once to crave the indulgence of the veteran of seventy-six for a short halt and a slower pace. The sonorous crying of Cromwell and Lion, long before we came in sight of our village inn, announced the near termination of our midnight march.

> 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.

At the door of the alehouse Robin gave me his blessing, and respectfully took his leave; and another quarter of an hour, or less, found him under the shelter of his peaceful cottage.

The widow Malone, who had one of the handsomest faces that ever remained to a woman at forty years and eighteen-stone weight, was up and stirring, and received me with a thousand kind welcomes, not unmixed with expressions of surprise at my perfect sobriety, after spending the day with the *Squires* Newnham. I felt a strong desire to imprint a kiss of kindness on her tempting lips, but feared to make the offer; however, when she tendered me a tumbler of whiskey-punch, which she assured me she waited up to give me, I could no longer resist. I drank her health, accompanied with such a kiss as I flat-

tered myself old Malone was never capable of bestowing. The good humour with which she received my boyish caresses encouraged me, and every sip of my punch was enriched by a frequent repetition of the gentle offence; at length the good landlady checked my youthful ardour by a lecture, in the course of which she called me "*child*," and asked me "*what* I could be thinking of?" Now, to a forward boy who fancied himself a man, no question could be more mortifying; so I took a hasty leave of my too seducing hostess, looking I daresay very sheepish, and muttering as I ascended the stairs,

O! that this too, too, solid flesh would melt!

## CHAPTER XVI.

Who'll be a grenadier, my boys, who'll be a grenadier?
The listing money down is ten guineas,
And a crown to be spent in punch or beer.

### RECRUITING.

NEARLY a week was passed in making my arrangements for the first beating-up in the county town; previously to which I felt it right to pay my personal respects to the officer commanding the regiment of militia then quartered there, as well as to solicit the favor of drums and fifes for the next martial day.

Nothing could be more kind than the reception I met with from the Earl of Riverstoun, who happened at that time to be on his way to his seat on the Shannon, and had indulged his corps with the pleasure of his always delightful company for a

few days. I was received at the mess dinner with true hospitality, and, on taking my leave, honored with a general invitation to their well-conducted table as an honorary member on my future visits; but received a particular and formal one for the day next but one following, and which was to be a grand gala.

The news of Earl Howe's victory over the French fleet on the 1st of June had just arrived; and great preparations were in train for rendering the rejoicings on the occasion as grand and imposing as the circumstances of the cantonment admitted. On the day appointed I marched in at the head of my party, dressed in all my best; my sergeant and his followers looking as clean and warlike as pipe-clay and powder could make them.

Sergeant Macnab was a fellow of very specious appearance, and had just that kind of swagger, which, in a recruiting sergeant alone, is not offensive; and could boast of powers of language perfectly adapted to the ears of the groundlings. His speech on the first halt at the market-cross would be worth recording, had not the march of

modern oratory trodden down the heels of military eloquence, and turned all its gold to dross.

We contrived, however, to pick up two recruits, poor weavers—father and son; the former thirty-five, the latter but sixteen years old. Half-a-dozen younger were left at home with a helpless mother. So much for Irish early marriages! The poor father assigned over the entire of the bounty of himself and son for the use of the wretched family—an excellent feeling; which induced me the more readily to accede to his request for permission to pass his nights at home to the last day of my stay in the county; and also to allow his boy to practise on the clarionet (in which he was already a self-taught proficient) with the band of the ****** militia; an indulgence which laid the foundation of the youth's prosperity; for, twelve years afterwards I saw him officiating as master of the band of a regiment of English militia. Besides my actual recruits, there were sundry thirsty vagabonds who begged leave to wear the colours of the party, who strutted about, swilling and cheering, but not one of whom would touch the "*king's shilling*," which my sergeant most invitingly held out.

Our dinner at the mess this day was splendid, having been graced by the presence of the ladies of all the married officers, as well as those of the magistracy and gentry of the neighbourhood. The *feu-de-joie* was fired at eight in the evening, after which the illuminations commenced; but long before the great luminary of the day hid his burning face behind the towering mountains of Westmeath, as if indignant at this intrusion on his realm of light.

The assembly room over the court-house was opened for the ball at ten; at which time were mustered all the beauty and fashion of the "*three towns.*" Daylight found the joyous party fresh for the merry dance; and it was with reluctance they dispersed when the reveillée drum of the little garrison gave signal of six o'clock!

The amusements of the merry night furnished talk for a month, and invitations poured in on me during the festive evening.

## CHAPTER XVII.

There is a tide in the affairs of men.

I REACHED my quarters at *seven*, so jaded and footworn, having danced all night in closely fitting hussar boots, that I hurried to bed, and did not leave it the whole of that day or night, except for one hour to eat a late dinner. After such a long repose I was ready for any exercise; and accordingly the following morning I set out with old Robin to see the county, and learn from him the history of the magnates of the land. After half-an-hour's walk we halted before the dilapidated gates of an old and well timbered park, which then presented a wilderness of rank neglected pasture, overrun with weeds. I inquired whose it was;

when my old guide (planting his five-foot cane on the ground, and placing on its silver-capped top his broad hands, on the back of which he rested his chin,) replied—"Why then, Sir, that's Dangan Park, the seat of the Earl of Mornington, which I have known, man and boy, these sixty-five—aye, seventy years. Old Garret Wesley (*God be good to him!**) was always a kind gentleman; and when we gossoons used to run to open the gates for him, he would ask all our names, and whether we went to school, and if we were *Romans*† or Protestants; and then he would throw ha'pence amongst us, and joke with us; for, Sir, he hadn't a morsel of pride about him. He died when I was but a little boy; but I remember him well: he was a fine brave-looking gentleman, and no better landlord in the two counties. After his death his estate fell to Squire Colley, who came to live at the Park, and took the name of Wesley. He was created Lord Mornington the very year I was married; and my wife having been born on

* Prayers for the dead are not confined to Catholics alone in Ireland - custom renders it familiar to Protestants, and it is assuredly not a blameable weakness.

† The common designation for Catholic.

his estate, he gave us that bit of a garden which joins the house that my father held under ould Sir Arthur Rawdon, my dear lord's great grandfather.

"Well, Sir, Lord Mornington did not live above ten or a dozen years after he became a peer; leaving an only son, who came of age a year or two before the old Lord's death, to succeed him. He was one of the most accomplished young noblemen in the three kingdoms; and there was great rejoicing in the country, when, during the next winter, he brought down to Dangan Park his new-married lady, who belonged to a noble family in the north. My Lord was made an earl the following year, and just lived to see his eldest son reach his twenty-first year, and while great preparations were making for celebrating his coming of age, the good lord died just a month before, leaving a fine family behind him under the care of the best of mothers.

"Latterly Dangan Park has not been much used as a residence. The young Earl* lives mostly in England. Mr. William† is married, and inherits a fine estate in the Queen's County. When

* Marquis Wellesley. † Lord Maryborough.

a youth, he was one of the best sportsmen in the country: not a man in Ireland could beat him in the field; no day was too long, country too strong, or hound too fleet for him:* he is a great man at the Castle, I hear. Mr. Arthur† is now a colonel, and serving with my dear lord in Flanders. He was always a bold brave boy, and as proud as a prince; but I have not laid eyes on him these thirteen years. Mr. Garret‡ is a clergyman, and young Master Henry,§ poor dear gentleman, is, I hear, a prisoner in France with his sister Lady Anne." Having thus given me a brief sketch of a family that are destined to occupy an important page in British history, the good old man concluded by the homely benediction—"May the Lord prosper them all!"

On arriving at Ballintross, the seat of Mr. *******, Robin O'Farrell seemed much embarrassed, and evidently wished to draw me from the place. When I approached the gates of the

* This noble lord, some years since, accepted the mastership of his Majesty's *buck-hounds, con amore.*

† Duke of Wellington.

‡ Dean Wellesley.

§ Lord Cowley.

lodge, he gently checked me, saying, "Well, Captain, it's no use to conceal it any longer; but troth, Sir, the poor gentleman is not fit to be seen." This roused my curiosity: Robin continued—"He has been in a sad condition this long time. You must know, Sir, he is what they call a hypochondriac, and after a variety of curious fancies and ailments, he took it into his head nearly a quarter of a year agone, that he was a pregnant woman! To keep him quiet, they got him female's clothes, which he now wears; and he has not stirred from his room ever since, expecting the heavy hour to come on every moment! And would you believe it, Sir, he has got the midwife in the house all this time. Lord Almighty be good to us, and make us thankful!" fervently ejaculated the good old Robin.

I had heard of such delusions, but never was before so near the victim of them. I had in my pocket a letter of introduction to him from a person to whom his calamity could not of course have been known, and to whom I wrote an account of all I had heard.

This infatuated man, who was a person of some consequence in his county, member of parliament,

and castle-hack, (as people termed the *Tories* of that day,) shook off his malady some time afterwards, and for a few years appeared in public life; but a new species of insanity seized him in 1800: he fancied himself a lord,—longed for a coronet, and betrayed his country to obtain the bauble. By voting for the Union he gained the peerage—but lost his honour; he lived despised and died unlamented, leaving no heir to inherit his ill-earned but short-lived dignity.

The sight of the Earl of Bective's carriage with his six pie-bald horses, which passed us on its way to Kells, in which sate the old Earl, his Countess, and eldest son (late Marquis of Headfort), drew forth from old Robin a short history of that amiable and unobtrusive old nobleman; in which many traits of homely and old-fashioned kindness were recorded. "His Lordship, Sir," said my humble friend, "stopped at Squire Rowley's last night; and there is a marriage going on between Miss Rowley and the Earl's son, Mr. Clotworthy;* and surely, Sir, better blood could never mix." In this way we got over a dozen miles of ground; and on my return towards my

* Late Lord Langford.

quarters, I gratified the old man by resting a short time at his cabin, as *he* termed it, but which was, in fact, as comfortable and cleanly a cottage as the most romantic tourist could wish to meet with. Screened from every blast by a surrounding belt of small trees, the decent little mansion seemed to repose on a bed of flowers; its walls were hardly visible, from the clusters of roses, honeysuckles, and jessamine, which clung to them on every side. In the porch, which had two seats, sat his old woman at some needle-work; she was eight years younger than himself, hale and hearty, and not a little pleased to find that Robin had prevailed on the "Captain" to come to his cabin. A bowl of milk, with a drop of whiskey "*through it*," was found a very grateful beverage. I was ushered into the best room of the four that composed the lower part of the house, and saw clean chairs, a polished oak table, a decent clock, "that click'd behind the door." A japanned tea-tray was kept erect by a massive well-bound bible, on the cover of which were the Moira arms; every thing, in fact, bespoke comfort, and bore the stamp of care and cleanliness. They never had but one child, and in this secluded

spot they have lived the greater part of half a century, "without (to use his own emphatic phrase) a day's sickness or sorrow, excepting the year"—(and here they exchanged looks inexpressibly melancholy) "when our poor boy was taken away to a better world." Over the chimney-piece of the best parlour, which was, I understood, never profaned on common days, was the print of the "gallant Lord Rawdon," published in London in 1778, when his Lordship was serving in America. He was drawn with a fusil in his left hand, and pointing with his right to a body of the enemy in the distance. Over the tea-tray hung a double picture, poorly executed, of the busts of the old Earl and Countess of Moira; under the moiety occupied by the head of the latter there was a long prayer or thanksgiving, signed "Robin O'Farrell," on which I glanced my eye, but could not comprehend its exact purport.

The old man did not attempt to interrupt me in the perusal of it; but when he thought I had concluded, he took my hand in both of his, and with a pressure, (the force of which he, poor man, could not be aware of, but which made me wince,) exclaimed, "O! Sir, when you come to know that

I owe not only all I possess in life, but that which was dearer to me than life itself, *to my dear and honoured mistress*, you will then understand what this humble thanksgiving means." I was struck with an unusual feeling; to excite curiosity in a woman, or in youth of either sex, is to place them on thorns until you satisfy it. The brief mile of road homewards seemed but a quarter; during our walk I touched on all the subjects which I thought might bring old Robin to explain his mysterious expression, but he was wrapt in thought, and silent. Yet although his story must be known in the spot where for fifty years he had "lived and thrived," I still felt it unworthy of my respect for the good old man to hear it from any lips but his own; and an occasion not many days afterwards presented itself, when Robin, who seemed equally anxious to unfold as I to hear, commenced his sad story. As he would (maugre all remonstrances against the assumption of a title which did not belong to me) pertinaciously insist on giving me the brevet rank of *Captain*, I must for the sake of truth give my readers the old man's words.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

O God! it is my only son!—
Ah! boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wound.————

"WELL, Captain, as I was saying the other day, when you come to know that I owe my only child's salvation from a public and ignominious death to my beloved and honoured mistress, the Countess of Moira and Baroness HASTINGS,"* (proudly added Robin, drawing himself up,) "you will not wonder that every vein of my poor old heart swells with gratitude to her and the Almighty."

* The ancient title, cooval with the Conquest, had been some years before claimed by and acceded to the Countess by a decision of the House of Peers.

"Gracious God! Robin, what do you tell me!" exclaimed I, in breathless impatience, "an ignominious death!"

"Yes indeed, Captain, an ignominious death! but, oh! my God!" (cried the old man, dropping on his knees, and turning his face towards heaven) "YOU know an unjust one!" Respect for his feelings and admiration at his piety kept me silent. After a short pause he rose, and retiring to the shelter of a spreading elm, he resumed.

"We had a son;" (here his tears flowed fast.) "When scarcely twenty years of age, my father (who was head game-keeper to the old lord) sent him for a gun to Navan, where it had been for repair. Upon his return, on a fine moonlight night, he had reached the four roads at Holy Cross, when what did he see but a large party of men disguised with their shirts over their coats, and with their faces smeared with bog-water. He was in the very middle of them before he knew where he was; but wheeling quickly about, he ran two or three perches from them, and then demanded, in the name of God, who and what they were? He got no answer; but heard one of the party say, 'That's young Robin, the old

game-keeper's grandson—DOWN HIM!' The voice he knew to be that of one Flaherty, a smith. (God forgive him!) "So, Sir, half-a-dozen of them sprung out from the rest to seize him; but being young, and ready to jump over the moon, the boy, I'll be bound, Sir, soon gave them leg-bail. However, they were even with him; for before he could cut across the fields to reach the bohereen that he ran for, (knowing as he did every inch of the country,) others of the party were at the gap waiting for him; so he thought he'd just give them a wide shot, and have another run for it; but just as he presented his piece high enough to fire over the hedge without doing any body harm, he was struck by a stone right in the centre of his face, which laid him senseless on the sod. O! it would have been a mercy they had then put an end to him; but God's will be done! The villains, as he supposed, then deprived him of his gun, and took him off with them on horseback for more than seven long miles, until they arrived near the house of Jemmy Fox, a snug farmer, who lived to the nor'ard of the Red Bog yonder. When they approached nigher to Fox's, the party halted and talked toge-

ther. The poor boy could hear but little; but the leader of the ruffians said aloud, 'I wouldn't like to hurt the old man; but if we can't get her off without it, the devil a one of them must be spared, boys!' So up to the house they went, some at the front and others behind; while some others waited with a horse and pillion at the *punion** end of the house, out of harm's way. Those who attacked the back part got in first through the dairy, and after a scuffle inside let the others in. Then, Sir, what shrieks, and oaths, and curses! My poor boy had recovered himself sufficiently to stand, but with difficulty; and was leaning on against the gable, his face still streaming with blood, when out comes two of the villains with Jemmy Fox's daughter in their arms; and hurrying her on the pillion, where a man with a handkerchief partly over his face was already sitting, tied the poor creature's legs with a soogaun, and putting another round her waist and that of her foreman,† off they were hurrying through the yard, when who should come out unfortunately to meet his death but old Jemmy himself. '*Take*

* Gable end.

† The expression for the rider before.

*all I have, you villains!'* says he, 'but leave me my child!' With that, Sir, one of the tallest of the party seized him by the throat, and held him back, while away the robber of his child gallopped out of the yard. The old man now made one desperate plunge, and got free for a moment; when seizing a log of bogwood,* (the first thing that came to hand,) he struck the tall villain such a blow as laid open his forehead. The instant after a shot was fired, and the old man lay stretched! whether by the hand of the tall fellow, or by Flaherty the smith, who was next him, He alone knows who knows all things! Well, Captain, while this scene of bloodshed was going on, there was *my* poor boy Robin ready to faint, and heart-broken that he could render no assistance. The servants of the house had all fled when the house was forced, or they had hid themselves; but as soon as the villains disappeared, sure enough there was a dozen to the fore, men and women. Their old master was not dead, though he seemed not to have an hour to live. One of the gossoons saw my poor son, weak and bleeding, leaning

* These are generally piled in small pieces, as firewood, in stacks.

against the house wall. To seize and secure him was only a child's work, for he was ready to drop; and was deprived of his shot-bag and horn without resistance. His gun was discovered near the immediate scene of the murder. He was then dragged into the house where poor Jemmy lay extended, with a horrid wound in his neck just above the shoulder, from which streams of blood flowed. My darling boy said a few words with a view to explain how *he* became present at this dreadful scene, when the dying man opened his eyes, and fixing them on him with a horrid glare, exclaimed, '*That's the villain!—I marked him!—Look at his face! My blood and my child's blood be upon him!*' At these words the boy fainted with weakness and horror, and remained for several hours in a state of insensibility; but when his senses returned, the sun was high and the house full of people. The soldiers from Trim had been brought across the bog, and two of them were now guarding my unfortunate son. The magistrate had taken old Jemmy's dying declaration, and the priest had about two hours before *delivered him into the hands of his Maker.** All that Robin

* Administered extreme unction.

could hear about himself was, that old Jemmy to his last moments declared by words and signs that *he* was the man who shot him! The wound in his face was washed with spirits, and a bandage put over it, which, with the swelling, completely blinded him. In this state he was in the course of the morning placed on a car, and, pinioned as a felon, conveyed to Trim jail; and the first news my poor father and myself heard of our darling Robin in the village, was, that he was sent to the county jail in irons as a murderer! It was God's mercy I did not then sink under the shock. With a sorrowful heart we both set out for Trim, and by great favor got to see him with the surgeon, who had been sent for to dress his wounds. He could not see his poor father; but as I pressed him to my afflicted heart, I felt his scalding tears as they fell on my cheek. All he could say was, '*Father, I am innocent!*—God in his own good time will prove me so!' And my melancholy answer, '*I hope so, Robin!*' seemed to strike deep into his soul, as betraying a doubt; but I comforted him by saying, 'I believe you, my son!'—'I *am*, father, I AM INNOCENT!' was all his fevered tongue could utter. And when the turnkey was

taking my poor broken-hearted father and myself away, I cast one look more on my child, and then fell senseless into his arms.

"In a few days the Government proclamation appeared, offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of the leader of the party, and a free pardon to any accomplice but the actual murderer, who would discover the name of the offender. Before a week had passed, we heard that one of the wretches had appeared in Dublin, and turned king's evidence. I was childish enough to hope that my son's release would soon follow; but, Sir, how shall I describe my horror and despair when I found that this informer was no other than Flaherty the smith, (my old enemy!) who had been obliged to fly the country some months before for robbing and poaching on my lord's estates; and that in his deposition before the council, he gave nearly the same account as old James Fox, swearing that my poor boy alone was the man who fired the shot. The wretch was escorted down to Trim to await the trial at the ensuing assizes.

"There were many who heard all the circumstances of this mysterious case, who entertained no

doubts of my child's guilt; but all our neighbours who knew him from childhood believed him innocent, and sympathised with his poor parents.

"In little more than three weeks the assizes were to come on. His wound being now partly healed, and his sight restored, I sent him his bible; pens and paper were allowed him, and he wrote a whole account of his case in a petition to our good old lord, which I took to Dublin myself. My father constantly attending my poor boy in *Trim* jail; his lordship promised to send down two of the first counsellors from Dublin to defend our dear Robin at the assizes, and my honored lady assured me that no expense should be spared to find out the real criminal! Well, Sir, back I came to the poor creature you saw the other day, and when she asked me what hopes of her poor child, all I could say was, to repeat what my good lord and dear honored lady had told me, and bid her put her trust in the great God!

"Ah! Sir, time flies with the man in affliction! The assizes soon came on, and the villain Flaherty persisted in his story, adding that young Brennan, a lad from the Queen's County, who was the man that ran away with Betty Fox, had never been

heard of in that country since. The evidence of this wretch unfortunately prevailed, and weighed against my poor boy's innocent plain-told story: the gun, acknowledged to be ours, just discharged, was found on the spot; the shot with which the poor man received his death-wound corresponding with that remaining in the belt; the wound inflicted by the old man in his last struggle for life on the face of the tall murderer, and his dying declaration—all conspired to fix the crime on him; and amidst the shrieks of his distracted relatives, and the tears of the crowded court, my fine, my gallant boy, alone heard the dreadful sentence unmoved! With clasped hands and uplifted and tearless eyes, he appeared to look on the face of his merciful God with hope and confidence! Sir, there was not a dry eye in the court, but that of the perjured wretch who swore away my poor boy's life!

"The time for preparation for his awful change was short; but to him it seemed too long. The minister* was constantly with him, and declared he never met a more virtuous minded youth. When the earl heard of my poor boy's condemna-

* Clergyman, in contradistinction to the *priest*.

tion, he used all his interest to procure a respite for a few days; but the judge's report was so strongly against the probability of the boy's innocence, that this favor was at first denied. But my dear lady, who never for a moment doubted it, immediately hurried to the *Lady Lieutenant*,* and by dint of tears and intreaties prevailed on her to obtain from his excellency the respite of one week; and this she saw sent instantly off to the sheriff by express. In the mean time that blessed lady had notices posted throughout the King's and Queen's County, Kildare, Meath, and Westmeath, offering *two hundred guineas* reward, from herself, to any of the men concerned in the murder and outrage at Fox's, who would come forward and declare the whole truth! When this was made known in Trim, and talked of in the jail, Flaherty (who was allowed the run of the prison-yard) was detected in an attempt to escape; and, in consequence, he was closely confined and double-bolted. Suspicions against him having thus arisen, my poor boy's respite was extended to fourteen days. When that time expired, every

* So the Lord Lieutenant's consort is termed, by the middling and lower classes in Ireland.

preparation was made for his execution; and the eve of that awful day arrived which we thought was to snatch our innocent and murdered son from our arms for ever. But God was good to us in the eleventh hour! It having been reported in the jail that young Brennan was apprehended and had confessed all, Flaherty was taken in strong fits, which never left him until death closed his miserable eyes. In his ravings he often accused himself of murder! He asked *if poor innocent Robin had yet suffered;* but appeared insensible to the consolation which the answer would have conveyed. He expired about day-light in the morning of the 10th of August, 1767; that day so often referred to in the poor thanksgiving you read, Sir, when the Lord stretched forth his hand in mercy to the lowly and humble!

"The execution was again deferred by orders from the Castle. It was not young Brennan that had been apprehended, but his only brother; who, having been examined by the Privy Council, clearly proved my dear child's innocence, and explained, as he himself had done in his petition, how he became one of the murderous party.

"It was my ever honored lady's proclamations

that had wrought this miracle in our favor; and (Heaven guard and preserve her!) to render the blessing more valuable to us, she came down to the jail in her own coach-and-four, post-haste from Dublin, with the Lord Lieutenant's free pardon in her hand!

"But, O! Captain dear," said the old man, clasping my hand, while a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, "it was not HORSES that drew her back again! No, Sir! there was not a MAN, WOMAN, or CHILD, within ten miles, able to move, but rushed out of their cabins to lend their help to draw her in triumph through the county; and that blessed day will never be forgotten!

"My poor boy was carried in a chair through Trim and all the neighbouring villages, and amidst the blessings of our friends, to our once more happy home. On the next Sunday he appeared at Manor Rawdon church, where the good Mr. Eliot blessed him from the pulpit, and in which every tongue joined. We then, Sir, went to the chapel, where the priest, who was one of the best of men, called him up to the altar; and after a long and affectionate exhortation to his

flock, he pronounced the blessing of GOD and the SAVIOUR upon him, in which upwards of a thousand sincere hearts and voices joined! He then sprinkled holy water upon his face and head, which my dear boy received with respect and humility, though he was the member of another church.

"We again thought of seeing happy days; but these, Sir, were gone for ever! Without any visible illness, he day by day wasted; his handsome face was disfigured for ever; his tall and manly form was in a few months reduced to a poor skeleton. With his bible under his arm, he would every day, when fine weather permitted, walk to the church-yard of Manor Rawdon; and there, Sir, he would sit for hours wrapped in devotion. Not one hard word ever passed his lips towards mortal man for the ten months which God spared him to us after his melancholy trial; and the only smile that ever played on his lips during this sad and heavy time, was at that moment in which he surrendered up his spotless soul into the hands of his Creator! 'But God giveth and God taketh away: blessed be his holy name!' My son was

innocent!" A short mental prayer and a copious flow of tears restored the venerable old man (now rendered doubly respectable in my eyes) to some degree of composure. "And now, Sir," said he, "ought I not, by day and by night, in the hovel or in the wilderness, in sickness, in health, in comfort, or in misery, invoke the choicest blessings of heaven on that angel woman who saved us!"

I was young and gay, and light of heart; but that heart was one of feeling. Poor Robin's story, on which I bestowed the tribute of my tears, threw a cloud of melancholy over me, which another excellent night's rest did not entirely remove. When he appeared in my room the next morning, instead of my usual formality, I took him kindly by the hand with both of mine, and told him, in the language of truth, how much he had increased my esteem, by the confidence he had reposed in me, by venturing to rip up those wounds in his heart, which time and his own religious feelings would, I hope, heal. Nothing could exceed the old man's gratitude to me: he had never made the slightest approach to familiarity. My conduct to him was always kind, attentive,

and respectful; even more so than it would have been to one above him in the scale of worldly honors. Superior to him in every moral virtue and good feeling it was impossible to be.

## CHAPTER XIX.

And let the aspiring youth beware of love ;
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies————

AFTER breakfast I paraded my party, and found that we could muster thirteen goodly recruits. I gave orders for a march to Longville with eleven of the number, leaving my first recruit, Butler, to remain with his family to the last moment, and his son to make progress with his instrument until my return, which I calculated on being able to accomplish in six days.

The next morning at an early hour, with my sergeant, corporal, three privates, (including "Husho,") my fifer, and my eleven merry men, I set out for the head-quarters of the Loyal Leinster Volunteers. I had to pass near a small town a few

miles distant from my quarters, where a gentleman resided from whom I had received a very kind invitation on the night of the gala. I determined to make a little detour in order to pay my promised visit. My party reached the top of the road which branches off to that town, between eleven and twelve o'clock. The day was lovely: a fine breeze cooled the air, which in the early part of the morning was sultry; and I felt myself as proud as any colonel, when riding at the head of my puny band. My steed was a trust-worthy mare of honest Robin's, which he kept more for the *old woman's* use than for his own, and fed the poor animal for services past more than for any in expectancy. On this staid nag I gently paced at the rate of about two and a half miles an hour.

Striking off from the high road, twenty minutes brought us in front of the Nag's Head at Templemore. Here I ordered refreshment for the party; a feed of oats for Robin's Rosinante; and here too (oh, vanity!) "Mr. Husho," my temporary valet, gave a touch and a *puff* to my moistened hair, and delivered from his knapsack a lawn handkerchief, spick and span, as white as snow, and as redolent of sweets as Smyth's or Bayly's counters.

Thus self-satisfied, I set out for the house of Mr. Temple.

The landlord of the Nag's Head had already informed me that the family consisted of the old gentleman, who was an attorney and land-agent, a man of no small consequence to the absentee peeress who owned the town; his daughter and housekeeper, Miss Maria Temple; his only son, Mr. Tom Temple, (who was bed-ridden half his time;) and the *wife* of the latter, who also stood in the relationship to him of cousin, and by his union with whom he got a few thousand pounds fortune.

The house of Mr. Temple was a large stone-building of imposing appearance. The approach to the hall door by a flight of steps of no small width, gave an air of some consequence to the mansion of this man of the law. Besides this house there were a few decent and comfortable-looking dwellings in view; but none of that class called a "Gentleman's mansion," a term often applied to the houses of those who live by the labour of others; setting up for themselves with no other stock in trade than an ancient name, an encumbered estate, and a servile tenantry; and who (to use the common phrase of the country) are

*pulling the devil by the tail all their lives without being able to stop him!*—in other words, involving themselves in fresh embarrassments and difficulties from day to day, in order to keep up the appearance of that independence, which they can never, from their indolence, pride, and improvidence, reasonably hope to attain.

On ascending the steps I seized the massive knocker, and sounded an alarum which made the silent town and the piazza of its empty market-house echo back the thundering peal. After a long pause, during which many neighbours' heads were popped out, and which afforded time, as I presume, to the man-servant (who had been busy in the garden) to put on a coat, I was admitted, and ushered into a capacious double parlor; in which every thing bore the marks of wealth and good arrangement.

Nothing could be more delightful than the profusion of exquisite flowers, tastefully distributed in vases of the olden time, of Nankin China and coloured glass; while on the black and highly polished marble chimney-piece, Chinese mandarins nodded their bald heads, and pearly sea-shells glistened on their opaque shelf. This, thought I, is the

arrangement of some person of taste. The servant had not waited for my card or name, but depending on his powers of description, (for he had seen me at the county-town ball,) made the visitor as well known as if my name had been bawled from "hall to stair-head," and from thence to the drawing-room. I was not left long to my meditations, for in one minute a figure glided into the room, which might have been mistaken for an angel, had not her rich vermillion lips most kindly welcomed me to *Templemore*, and apologized for her father's absence for a few minutes. Never did I before or since behold such loveliness: her skin was like the purest ivory, as clear, transparent, and as colourless. "Oh! call it fair—not pale!" Her soft black eyes derived additional lustre from the long and silken lashes which encircled *them;* her eyebrows, delicate, as they were exquisitely arched, seemed more the work of art than nature; and the lovely Grecian cast of countenance altogether formed a model of feminine beauty and softness.

My burning blushes (to which I was *then* most painfully subject) were but faintly, if at all, reflected by her lily cheek; but hers was not

the paleness of sickness, nor the languor of dissipation. Her countenance beamed cheerfulness; her voice was harmony itself: in short she seemed the creature of other climes, the lovely vision of the imagination, which almost defies realization in the mortal form. I could scarcely articulate a word in return to her kind and warm welcome: she seemed to suffer at my embarrassment, yet delicately forbore to remark my reserve: at length I summoned courage to speak, and, my timidity once conquered, I said perhaps too much. The father entered just as I had paid her what I considered the neatest and most appropriate compliment a young and beautiful woman could receive. He welcomed me with great cordiality and kindness; but without introducing to me by name the gentle being who stood by his side, he said, "*Maria*, my love, go tell your sister that the 'young captain's' here; and you must relieve her, to sit half an hour with Tom." My angel disappeared, while my fixed and doating eye followed her steps to the threshold of the door, and then sunk to the floor. "Captain, young as you are, you have an eye for a pretty woman I see! Well, I like you the better for it;

no bad man ever had your fashion, as the saying is." This remark, uttered by the lawyer with a laugh of good humour, roused me from my reverie, and called up another crimson confession to my face. I replied, "It is not often, Sir, that one beholds such beauty; and I may be pardoned if I lingered on the look as long as possible."—"That's a fine fellow!" said he: "just as they told me at *Trim* you were; but let us take a turn in the garden, and by that time another lady will be down to shake hands with you." Throwing up the large sash, he led the way down a noble flight of steps into an extensive and luxuriant garden, at the bottom of which the pellucid Boyne bubbled over its silvery bed, overhung by a low wall, built of the same massive grey-stone as the mansion. In one corner was a fishing-house, which even in the worst weather afforded a most comfortable shelter; but in the meridian sun of a burning June it offered a tempting shade.

While admiring every thing I saw, a loud ring of the hall bell caused my host to apologize for a short absence, saying it was a client on business, which would soon be dispatched. "You

see, Captain, I make no stranger of you; but you will soon have a more entertaining companion to chat to." I bowed, and resumed my seat, stretching myself on one of the ample cane couches of this piscatorial temple. I inhaled the balmy air, which breathed a thousand sweets, but was roused from my reverie at hearing some words and laughing. I thought of the lovely Miss Temple, and heard these words, "Nonsense—there he is—introduce yourself to him; and mind, dear, don't let him think of going further to night. I shall be disengaged in half an hour." A lady now approached me, whose rich and apparently constant bloom threw my more temporary flushes in the shade. She had evidently been sacrificing to the graces, for every article from head to foot seemed freshly though hastily put on. This then, thought I, is "*Mr. Tom's*" wife! the bed-ridden Tom! Poor woman! what a blank *you* have drawn in the lottery of life.

With the genuine good humour of the Irish gentlewoman, and with no small portion of grace she tendered me her hand. A mode of salutation, as involuntary as unexpected, was repaid in an instant by my putting it to my lips: the lady stared,

but not in anger. Now for the life of me I could hardly touch the hand or raise my eyes to the face of her angelic predecessor; and when I did, I trembled like the poplar leaf; to what then could my present boldness be imputed? To her bouncing, good-tempered, and somewhat matronly appearance? I suppose it was so; and there let it rest.

In ten minutes we were as intimate as if we had known each other for years: she seemed delighted with me and all my conversational nonsense, and more than once expressed her regret that she had not been at the ball. "But poor Tom Temple's illness keeps us all prisoners, except the *good man of the house*, who, I must tell you, has taken a great fancy to you, and desired me to keep you under lock and key rather than risk our losing your company to-day. Your men will be safe enough at the Nag's Head, and you can march to-morrow after breakfast." I knew not what to say: she paused—I was confused. "Won't you promise me to stay?" said the fair one, approaching within lip distance, and pouring on me a breath as sweet as honeysuckle. The opportunity was irresistible—*c'est un peu forte.* What will all this come to?

The thirsty traveller of the desert, when blessed with the taste of the refreshing waters, first cautiously sips, then gorges in the cooling draught; so he who has long lived on the pleasures of imagination, revels in the rich reality when happy chance invites. My fair one was a fine stout young woman about thirty; and as I thought of her bed-rid spouse, *"Poor Tom's a cold!"*

She would be deemed decidedly handsome in the eyes of the lovers of plumpness. Her limbs were faultless, her shape exquisite, and her finely tapered waist showed with striking effect the jutting beauties of her well-formed hips. Nothing was wanting to gratify the most fastidious; the only fault, if fault it could be deemed, was exuberance of beauty. I have already said her breath was perfume; and well it might be, for she was ruddy health personified: her teeth, like blanched almonds, large but regular, finely contrasted with the rich coral of her glowing lips; above the upper one sprouted a dark and downy streak, so faint and yet so regularly handsome, that the face would have been deficient in beauty without it.

I know not what might have happened, had we been left to the intoxication of the moment; fortunately for both, the voice of my approaching host recalled us to our senses, and we ran to meet him; I, to express the impossibility of stopping, and my fair friend to expostulate on my unkindness in not staying. "Why, for the matter of that, my boy," said my host, "if, as you say, you run any risk of losing your men, or of incurring censure by a day's delay, by all means go: we must not lead the young soldier into an error, my dear girl, but you and Maria must get his promise to give us a day on his return." At the mention of the name of that dear angelic being, whom I had first seen, I felt a sensation of shame and sorrow; and as if to blast me for my momentary apostacy, the next minute she appeared before me, looking as lovely as a houri! She had, with the excusable vanity of her sex, made some little addition to her morning dress; and through her glossy black tresses had entwined a wreath of natural white roses, which, although fresh from the tree, looked dull, and faded when contrasted with the brilliant fairness of her snowy forehead.

"So, we are going to lose you just when we

caught you," said she, with inexpressible sweetness. "Yes! but not for ever, I hope," I replied: "after five or six days I shall be able to return to my quarters at Manor Rawdon; and the following I shall avail myself of your kindness, and pass the greater part of it with you, and enjoy a happiness far beyond my hopes." My Fatima took the compliment to herself; and bestowed on me a glance of satisfaction, as she returned into the house before us to prepare refreshment, attended by the lawyer. I followed with the admirable Maria, from whose bosom I solicited a rose: she presented it to me, saying, "Here is my humble memorial. Adieu; recollect you accept it as a pledge of your return;" and she disappeared.

After lunch the old gentleman proposed to accompany me to the Nag's Head. I had promised to return in an hour to my party, and now full one hour and a half had elapsed, which afforded room for many conjectures, and another round of whiskey to the Captain's health. I found the men in as good spirits as whiskey could inspire; elevated, but still sober enough for every purpose. Old Robin's fat mare had filled her

girths ; and now once more mounted on her, gratefully thanking the great man of the village for his kind reception, and renewing my pledge to see him on the day appointed, off we marched.

## CHAPTER XX.

How happy the soldier who lives on his pay.

THE oldest soldiers could not have shown better conduct on a march. The serjeant took advantage of my occasional advance to crack a joke or tell a story, all of course to the advantage of the soldier's life; a life which he never had led, nor indeed ever intended to lead. He had been one of Colonel Doyle's *best* recruiting serjeants, and was, as a great favor, lent to the relative of his old friend, Lord Moira. Mr. Husho sang many funny songs; and we got into Pollardstown long before dusk, twenty-seven long *Irish* miles, including the two which the party had marched for my pleasure: our next day's march was but eleven miles; the third sixteen.

We were now in a part of the country where, amongst bogs and morasses, the facility to escape might have tempted some of our recruits to desert; but although some of their hearts evidently sank as they approached head-quarters, not a man of them showed the slightest indications of wishing to fly his colours. We pushed forward merrily, and reached head-quarters at Longeville about two o'clock on the third day; every man as fresh as when he set out.

Just before we entered the town, while the party were halted to brush up a little, Serjeant Macnab let me into a secret. "Sir, it's very likely," said this experienced crimp, "that the commanding officer would take a fancy to keep me at head-quarters; but as I was only engaged for the recruiting service, it would not *shuit* me at all to be nailed to the regiment: therefore, Sir, if you please to send me back with one of the party, *Corplar* Dumphy and the other two will march into town with you." There was reason in what he said, and I was not obliged to take him on. As a recruiting serjeant he was invaluable. I therefore granted him not only leave to return, but the mare to ride on, as far as the public-house

we last slept at; marching into town at the head of my party, not exactly with the honors of war, having neither colours nor drums—nothing but an almost inaudible whiffling fifer.

I delivered up my men to the adjutant, Captain-Lieutenant C. F. W. E. Flank, took his receipt for them, with an opinion they were *sound* men and true, and which the surgeon shortly after, to my great delight, confirmed. I next went to the paymaster, in whom I recognized the nephew of my magnanimous ally and friend, Joe Atkinson, and laid every man's account before him. Each man was called in his turn to acknowledge or object to the account. Not one objection was made: these matters arranged, a balance was struck, (their improvidence had left but little in my hands,) and I bid them all good bye! They gave me the best of characters, and as a proof of their regard, accompanied me in a body to the barrack *gate*, beyond which it was not deemed good for their health or morals to allow them to pass. Thus brought to the limits of their liberty, "*God bless your honor*" was often repeated; and I went with Mr. Husho to a dirty puddling inn, to prepare for dinner at the mess at five.

A subaltern's toilet is soon made; but I had scarcely put Mr. Husho's talent as a hair-dresser to the proof, when his good offices were solicited by all the party assembled in the house of entertainment. There were *six* officers to sleep in *four* beds, boasting of nothing cleanly beyond white *damp* sheets. With the aid of my powder and pomatum Mr. Husho executed his task to the admiration of all; and his remuneration afforded him the means of continuing in a state of constant intoxication for the ensuing two days.

I set out for the barracks with my five comrades; one captain, one lieutenant, and three ensigns. It was a curious sight to observe the diversity of dress in the various members of the same regiment; no two of whom appeared alike as we assembled in the mess-room. The only leading distinction was the blue facing; in every other respect each officer followed his own fancy. Some wore jackets without skirts, light-dragoon fashion; others with short light-infantry swallow tails. Some wore long coats of formal cut; others military coat-tees of no particular cut whatever; and which bore the appearance of having been hunting frocks, stripped of the club cuffs and

collars, tapered away at the skirts to answer as a temporary military garb. Then the variety of hats, caps, bonnets, of beaver, cloth, and leather; as different in shape, cut, and plumage, as were the faces of the wearers!

The dinner passed off as dull as the conversation, which, after the cloth was removed, was entirely of that description which is regimentally called "*parish*," a subject quite inadmissible in the messes of older and more regular regiments; but all were anxious to hear the news of the adjutant's budget, who, to do him justice, was no niggard of his communication. From these I derived the information, that upwards of three hundred and fifty men were already on the muster-roll; that the reports from the recruiting quarters were highly favourable; and that the four hundred, wanting to complete the battalion, might be reasonably expected at head-quarters in six weeks, when its inspection by the general of the district would take place; further, that the officers who had most success would be kept out recruiting to the *last moment*, and those who had hitherto been unsuccessful would be called to head-quarters to attend drill, and do the duty of the barracks.

A thrill of pleasure shot through my heart, when this good-humored fellow, addressing himself to me, observed, "If you continue as lucky as you have been, I don't think we shall have the pleasure of your company to cut our mutton again till the day of inspection." I felt impatient get to bed, in order that I might start by the break of the morning's light, and did so, with the slight inconvenience however of being obliged to press a car to carry Mr. Husho to the village, where my serjeant and privates were in waiting. We were no less than seven hours in performing the sixteen miles, owing to the obstreperous conduct of the drunken friz, who, like most drunkards when incapable of uttering a word coherently on any other subject, still found speech enough to argue by the hour on his perfect sobriety.

However, we at last reached our quarters for the night: the serjeant was on the look-out, and was not a little pleased to hear that I had passed all my men, assuring me that there were two lads on the road, who he suspected were deserters, to whom he had "tipped" the king's money that morning, and who would be

sure to join us on the march. Instead of halting at the little town eleven miles distant, I engaged a fresh car for the carriage of knapsacks, and to give an occasional lift to the men, in order to reach Templemore before night.

We tripped over the road this day without the slightest impediment, and by taking a different route by a mountain path, shortened the distance by some five or six miles. But alas! how uncertain are all our hopes! I felt towards the cool of the evening, when in sight of my anticipated bliss, a faintness and shivering come over me, and experienced a visitation of an overpowering headache, which prostrated all my faculties. The cup of happiness seemed to touch my very lips, when fate dashed it from me: would that I had taken this salutary warning! Unable to sustain my seat on the saddle, I was helped upon the car, my head resting on the lap of Corporal Dumphy, absolutely more dead than alive.

In this state we arrived at the Nag's-Head, long before the evening dews had fallen; where, placed on a bed, a heavy delirious sleep of two hours afforded me some relief, and restored the power of proceeding on the car to my own quarters.

This then, thought I, is the delightful eve of that day which I promised to spend with my new friends. Haply we may never meet again; and I shall be forgotten! With these melancholy thoughts I was finishing my last cup of tea, when my reveries were broken in upon by that angel of light, whose image was always before me, accompanied by the old gentleman: they had accidentally heard of our arrival at the Nag's-Head, and were on their way to hurry me to their hospitable mansion, when they met my serjeant; he, it seems, had made out a sad story for me of two fainting fits, and tears, and ravings! with what view, except to beget a tender pity for me, and obtain better quarters, I could not conjecture; but it had such an effect on my kind visitors, that, instead of the hearty shake of the hand, Mr. Temple approached me with caution and great gentleness, expressing his pleasure at seeing me up, and hoped I would not think of going on to Manor-Rawdon that night. "We have a large house, my boy," said he, cheering up, "and can take good care of you. But one night '*through the sheets,*' and we'll have you as brisk as ever: my son is able to join our

party, and is anxious to be introduced to you." During the delivery of this kind invitation, the lovely Maria scarcely raised her eyes from the floor; but when concluded, she threw on me a look of such tenderness, and yet, as I interpreted it, of supplication *not* to accept the invitation, that for a moment I was struck dumb with surprise, and felt myself incapable of reply.

This feeling being in some measure overcome, I took the hand of the hospitable old gentleman, and begged he would indulge me by allowing me to depart that evening, as the distance was too short to cause any apprehension for my safety; and assured him that the first day I felt myself able to wait on him and his amiable family, I should embrace that pleasure, if only to repeat my grateful thanks for his kindness. Once more the eyes of the lovely Maria shot forth their mild lustre; a gleam of satisfaction seemed to beam on her expressive countenance, the cause of which I in vain racked my brain to interpret. It was now nearly ten o'clock, yet still a clear twilight. The car was ready: a bed and warm quilted counterpane over it were, according to the fashion of the country, placed on it for my comfort by my landlord and

his sisters; and having once more given and received a friendly pressure of the hand from the father, I attempted to say a few words to the retiring daughter, but my tongue refused its office. I uttered something, I know not what, by way of adieu: but just as she bestowed her parting glance on me, I recollected and drew from my bosom the *memorial* rose which she had presented me with; and exhibiting it for one short moment, pressed it to my lips and replaced it. The action was observed, and returned by one of those indescribable indications of pleasure which love alone could discern, or perhaps vanity affect to see.

The extraordinary conduct of this interesting girl had so strongly taken possession of my mind, that I was almost insensible to all that passed around me. The serjeant and corporal used the mare alternately, *ride and tie*, whilst the privates occasionally rested their wearied limbs on the car. In little more than an hour and a half we reached our quarters; where old Robin, not expecting me until the following day, had left a couple of post-letters and a newspaper for me. The first contained halves of bank notes to

the amount of one hundred pounds, from the agent for the public service; and the newspaper sent by my worthy friend, Captain Atkinson, contained the military promotions from the gazette, in which I had the happiness of seeing my own name as ensign, with the scrawl, "Je vous felicite," written on the nearest margin, to prove to me the interest which his kind and warm heart took in my welfare. The commission was dated from the 6th of June. The widow Malone, who seemed to have forgotten my past folly, or to believe that it was but a natural and excusable homage to her charms, was all kindness; and made me a large bason of sherry whey, which, when I was snug in bed, she herself came to administer. I drank it with due thanks, and ventured to ask for one kiss by way of good night. "Arrah, my dear *child*," said she, "its fitter for you to go to sleep, and be good." I will not answer for it that I took her advice to the letter; but as for the rest, my thoughts hurried me back to *Templemore*, and to Maria, until wearied nature asserted her rights, and bound me in deep and long repose.

## CHAPTER XXI.

I do remember an apothecary—

PREVIOUSLY to retiring for the night, I had ordered the serjeant to take home honest Robin's mare, and to bring from Somerston the Esculapius of that village.

My old guardian, on hearing that I had occasion for a leach, held a consultation with his good woman, who had a salve for every sore and a cure for every complaint; and they both came to me in the morning, just as I had got down stairs. Shortly after my serjeant appeared with the village doctor, not a wigged apothecary, but a sportsman-like jolly-looking gentleman, whose bronzed and ruddy aspect gave assurance that the con-

tents of his shop were never diminished by his personal consumption of them. "So, young gentleman," said he, "you have been riding in the sun, eh?—and sitting, I dare say, on some bank to cool yourself?" I attempted to explain the strange and alarming sensations that had oppressed and overpowered me; but John Abernethy himself could not have cut short my details with more contemptuous abruptness than this self-sufficient knight of the pestle. "Yes, yes! you have had a giddiness and shivering, and you felt you could not tell how—eh? eh?—Well! you shall soon be put to rights!" On hearing that I drank a dose of strong wine whey the night before—"Wine whey!—the devil you did! No wonder that you are feverish! I wish they had given you water," said he; "mind, don't take any more of their cursed slops. Wine whey, indeed! Drink water with a crust of toasted bread in it. My boy will fetch you something in an hour. Keep out of the sun; and—and—good morning to you!" And off he scampered, having picked up his packed fishing-rod at the door, which on his first approach towards the house I took to be his gold-headed cane. The doctor's injunctions put to

flight all Dame O'Farrell's kindly intended prescriptions for my relief. Within an hour the messenger of medicine brought my potion, on the potency of which my pastoral physician seemed to rest his claim to curative fame. On his visit the next day he hardly staid two minutes; held my hand, examined my tongue, and exclaimed, "Good, Sir, good!—A fresh breeze this morning!—charming curl on the water!—I must be off!—I shall send you some trout; and—keep yourself quiet!"

In two days I was permitted to indulge in the joys of the table, and my palate was once more tempted with some nice things which my widow had sent for to Trim; besides some truly delicious Boyne trout, the present of my sporting Ollapod. The only return I could make him (for his bill was only three shillings, as I recollect) was to employ him to examine my recruits, for which (not always very agreeable service) I allowed him and charged *five shillings each*, instead of one, the usual fee. The success which attended my recruiting party rendered even this emolument handsome in his estimation. I had now collected six fine young able-bodied recruits, (including

the two suspected deserters,) who joined according to promise, fascinated by the eloquence of Serjeant Macnab, besides an old one, who, though tough, strong, and hearty, was on the wrong side of fifty. As cunning as a fox, he came to my quarters so sprucely dressed, so closely shaved, and with such a ruddy visage, (which whiskey and a warm walk had an equal share in promoting,) insisting on going for a soldier, that my serjeant was deceived; and immediately touched his ready palm with a golden guinea, besides which he ran up a score with my comely widow of three and thirty shillings for one day's general treat of bacon, eggs, ale, whiskey, and —PIPER!

The next day he requested leave to go home to see his family, which I granted; but only on the condition that Mr. Fagan, his landlord, should pledge himself to be answerable for his return within twenty-four hours. This person lived about four or five miles from Manor Rawdon. The messenger in a few hours brought the required pledge, written however in rather equivocal language, and accompanied with a verbal message that he would call on me to talk

about that "*foolish old man.*" I allowed the venerable volunteer to depart; but instead of making his appearance next day, he or his landlord sent his daughter, an interesting, solemn-looking young woman, apparently about twenty-five years old, with a guinea, and money also to pay the *smart-money* and solicit his discharge. The simple account she gave of her poor father's follies, and her shrewd observations on his incapacity at his time of life to be of any use as a *soldier*, while to his family, "to which," she added with a heavy sigh, "he had been a heart-break this many a long day," he would be for ever lost, were really affecting.

I pitied her from my soul; but I had a duty to perform; and had I yielded my right and the right of my colonel to his appearance at headquarters, I should have considered myself unworthy my rank, and exhibited an example of weakness, of which more valuable recruits might take advantage. "All I ask, my poor good girl," I answered, "is, that your father should return to his colours, ask pardon for his folly, and discharge his score here; when I assure you that *you* shall have him back."—"Ah! sir," she replied,

*"will you give me your hand and word for it?"** —"Here is my hand," said I, tendering it to her, which she clenched with fervor; "and you may depend on my word."—"May God's blessing be about you ever, Sir, and the blessing of the poor child!" (herself.) She then departed, much happier in appearance than when she first addressed me. My eye followed her with looks of admiration. She was a *character*, in humble life it is true; but still a noble one. As I have said, she might be twenty-five years of age—perhaps younger; but field-labour had destroyed much of the original delicacy of her fine skin and features; while premature care had anticipated the footsteps of time on the innocent and placid countenance of poor Nanny! The cleanliness of her personal appearance did much to increase my favourable opinion of her. On her head she wore a beaver hat, under which was a snowy white muslin kerchief, which was tied under her chin. Her fair hair was parted on the forehead, and the side locks, combed back, were combined with the remainder in a long and broad plait turned up on

* This from a gentleman is, in the eye of a poor Irish peasant, an obligation as binding as an oath!

the head, and which partly showed itself beneath the kerchief. Another white kerchief covered her shoulders and breast; while over and above all was a long, dark crimson-coloured cloak, which hung almost to her ancles, fitted more for January than June: but the genuine Irish of both sexes are partial to the cloak in all seasons, when dressed in their best, as a mark of humble wealth and comfort. Her stockings were of fine light-blue worsted, and displayed a well-shaped ancle; while her neat but strong shoes showed that no part of her dress had been unattended to. She was the eldest of six children, and on her devolved the charge of all; for the wretched mother had some infirmity which rendered her incapable of any other employment than that of spinning.

The father (a libertine in low life) had of late been a constant source of sorrow to his family; but possessing a small freehold, on which he resided, of the value of about twenty-four pounds a year, the eldest daughter's industry, assisted by the labours of the younger children, had kept them in comparative comfort and plenty. The old man had twice before in the preceding three months enlisted, and after a debauch of some days

was discharged on paying a sum of money by way of "smart" to the enlisting party. I determined in my own mind on giving him this time a salutary lesson of such severity as would, I hoped, correct his folly for the rest of his days; but the deep anxiety shown by that humble but excellent girl changed my purpose; and had he obeyed my mandate by returning that day, he should have been surrendered to her without penalty; unfortunately it proved otherwise. The poor girl returned to my quarters towards the dusk of the evening, with the sorrowful intelligence (as she termed it) that the old man had gone on the bog with Mr. Thomas Fagan's men, and was hidden amongst them. "*God help us, what is now to become of us*?" said she, wringing her hands.

She had been on the bog for hours, searching for her unhappy father; and though on foot from dawn of day to the going down of the sun, she had not tasted food. Fatigue and anxiety now rendered her long and solemn countenance almost ghastly. I entreated her to be comforted, and insisted on her taking some refreshment. She passively suffered herself to be brought into the kitchen tap by one of the young women

of the house, and there she sat, silent as the grave, absorbed in sorrowful reflections. I sent her some tea, which, with a slice of griddle bread, was all she would partake of. The night came on thick and dark, yet she prepared to set off for her sad home at ten o'clock. When I was apprized of her intended departure, I went down to the kitchen and remonstrated with her. Although she still seemed fixed on going, a sort of terror hung over her, which even the natural imperturbability of her countenance could not conceal from me. "I *ought* to go, Sir," said she to me; "but"— "But what, my poor girl," I inquired, "what do you fear? If you are determined to go, my serjeant and one of my men," pointing to a kind old fellow of the name of Connor, "shall see you every step of the way." She raised her grey and lack-lustre eye upon me with a look of peculiar anxiety and fear, and said, "Oh! your Honour, no! no!"

There was something in her manner so different from her usual passiveness, that I desired to speak with her in the parlour: she followed me in with the step of innocence, unsuspicious of evil, and when alone I repeated my question, and offer of the escort. "Oh! for the love of God don't

send the serjeant with me; but keep him here, while Mr. Connor" (the old soldier I had named) " might see me as far as the Cross, and then, with God's help, I would get the rest of the way by myself."

" And why not the serjeant, Nanny?" She hesitated, and then said, " Because, Sir, he attempted to make free with me this morning, before I saw your Honour; and now this evening again he has been whispering to me words not fit for a poor honest girl to hear." O ho! Mr. Macnab, thought I, you would be a precious guardian to the girl, but I'll put a stopper on your gallantry, you sinner! How apt are we to condemn and hate in others that very vice of which we are ourselves the slaves. " Well, my good girl, I will go myself with you, as well as old Connor, as far as the Cross, and no harm shall happen to you." —" *May the Lord increase you, Sir!*" * was her homely thanks.

In five minutes we were on the road; old Connor (with the girl tucked under his friendly arm) and myself; accompanied by " Cromwell,"

* A translation from the Irish blessing, which means, may the Lord increase your store.

whose affections I had so far conciliated by daily feeding him with my own hand, and gamboling about with him in the fields, that he stuck by my side, rubbing his rough cheek to my hand, while rested on his strong and bristly neck. The poor simple girl had for the first time in her life been honored with such an escort; but she seemed to feel it in the light of an act of kind regard for the safety of unprotected innocence. On wishing her good night, I told her to have it made known to Mr. Thomas Fagan, that if he did not bring back her father, I should pay him a visit in a manner he would not like; and once more pledged my word (aye, and my hand too) that my promise to her should be faithfully performed.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty.
* * * * *
My age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you!

ANOTHER day passed, yet no tidings of my recruit, or his guarantee Mr. Fagan; and as some of my recruits began to cabal and whisper, I sent my compliments to the Major commanding the * * * * * militia (the Earl having left some time) to beg a corporal and two file of men as escort for a short distance the next morning. This party arrived at day-light; and after regaling them, we set off for the bog. My serjeant and party, with the exception of Corporal Dumphy, remained at our quarters to take care of the recruits.

We had in all six muskets and plenty of ball

cartridge. I had nothing in the way of arms but one of those gew-gaw good-for-nothing kind of swords then worn by officers; but the brave old Robin, who would not be left behind, carried his double-barrelled gun, and wore his buck-handled hanger. In this formidable array on we marched, old Robin telling me stories every inch of the road, which so shortened our distance, that we were nearly at Fagan's house before I thought we had travelled half the road. We halted to reconnoitre, when old Robin gave me a lesson of advice. "Captain, if you were not bent on this step, I would, before we *set* out, have tried to dissuade you from it: old Fagan is not a bad man himself, but his sons are no better than they should be; and if every man had his reward, they might perhaps have gone over the seas with many a poor boy they led into mischief. But the father votes for the Somervilles, and so *he's* safe any how. Well, Sir! we are now going where your eye will not see the sight of house or home except Tom Fagan's, and there it stands forenenst us, on the edge of the great bog, of which he rents miles. At this season of turf-cutting, he has generally four or five hundred poor spalpeens, with hardly a rag

to cover them, and moreover one half of them deserters and defenders,—(God help their poor dark minds!) Now, Captain, be steady; and don't be too venturesome: but for all that, go where you may, you'll find old Robin by your side," concluded the brave veteran, erecting his crest, and ready to encounter every danger.

"Never fear my prudence, my good Robin," said I; and, after fixing bayonets, on we proceeded gently until we reached a desolate, dilapidated mansion of former days, now converted into the farm-house of the master of the bog, in front of which we halted and formed.

Not a soul was to be seen about it; not even a dog (a rare object to miss) to bark at my gigantic Cromwell. I entered the house, and saw a decent woman engaged at the usual female occupation of spinning flax, attended by a half-clad, bare-legged little girl about twelve years of age. I asked for Mr. Fagan:—"Down on the bog, Sir, with the cutters."—"Any of his men, by whom I could send a message?"—"Not one, Sir; they're all with the master." I then ordered Corporal Dumphy and a file of men into the very parlour, where, sitting over the spinning-wheel, the astonished

Mrs. Fagan heard me give in a cool and determined tone the following order—"If *within half an hour* you don't find me return in safety with Mr. O'Farrell, SHOOT THAT WOMAN THROUGH THE HEAD, *set fire to the house, then retire with all possible speed to your quarters with the soldiers!!!*"

The little girl had suddenly disappeared by some back door; and fearing a surprise, I posted one man at each corner of the house, and set off, accompanied by old Robin and the dog Cromwell, into the great cut which led into the very heart of the "*big-red-bog*." It was like descending into the ruins of an immersed city. Nothing was to be seen but the bright blue sky over our heads, between two high and apparently interminable walls of fibrous, dark, spongy soil.

At every hundred or two yards, however, similar avenues, resembling desolate streets, were cut to the right and left, which had the same endless vista; and they were in like manner intersected. At one of these turnings, Mr. Fagan, preceded by the bare-legged little girl, suddenly started out, making for home with hurried pace; in the distance behind him were to be seen the heads of several scores of turf-cutters, popping up and

down, as they threw from their sharp and hollowed spades on the impending bank the produce of their latest cut. These spades are in themselves deadly weapons. Not doubting but that the little girl had explained how matters stood at home, and that the word had been passed on the bog to keep the "boys" on the alert, I advanced towards Mr. Fagan, and received his salute with a smile of good-humour, as did Mr. O'Farrell with a shake of the hand. There was the gloomy restlessness of offended pride in the visage of this vulgarian which could not be mistaken; so to cut conversation short, I pulled out his note, in which he pledged himself to bring old Fleming to me; and at the same time my watch, saying, "If Mrs. Fagan's life is of value to you, fifteen minutes only are left to save it! You may order your turf-cutters to sacrifice us; but ere we fall, your wife will be a corpse, and your house in flames! I knew my danger in coming into your lawless bog; but we shall not fall unrevenged: therefore come to your house, surrender Fleming, and we will instantly depart without mischief or insult to any one." He was going to whistle with his finger in his mouth, but I stopped him by saying, "Here's

your little girl—she can take your message to your sons, as it was for them, I presume, your signal was intended." "Sir," said the now affrighted man, "we mean you no harm—you take this too seriously; you know not how you wrong me: not a soul knew of your intended coming, or Fleming should have been here to the fore." He ordered the girl in the Irish language (which Robin perfectly well understood) to tell his sons for the "*life of them*" not to let one man stir from the bog except old Fleming, and to send him instantly to the house, to which we hurried, and relieved the terrors of the almost petrified Mrs. Fagan by withdrawing the soldiers.

That done, and being unwilling to prolong a parley on such ticklish ground, we formed the military in front; when I *politely insisted* on the pleasure of Mr. Fagan's company for a mile or two of the road, in which time old Fleming might overtake us. He knew it was in vain to object. He merely called for his *best* wig—his *hair* one, that which he then wore being his flaxen or working wig, and rather the worse for the laborious duties of the morning. Having given an order to his wife to hurry off Fleming

without a moment's delay to the cross, we prepared to move. "Mind, Sir," said I, "if he approaches with more than *one* person in company, you may guess the consequences." This injunction being added to the former one given to his wife, we proceeded.

There is in the Irish character, perhaps, more than in that of any other people on the face of the earth, an elasticity of mind which defies ordinary calculation. Mr. Fagan, who set out on this *forced march* with curses, not loud, but deep, upon his tongue, had not been in my company half an hour ere his gloomy sullenness relaxed, and he appeared to feel a pleasure in answering the various inquiries my ignorance led me to make of him respecting the turf harvest, explaining the manner by which the turf-cutters are gathered to the amount of hundreds; viz., a simple notice from the altar after the conclusion of the mass; and the mode of cutting, drying, and transporting this fuel from the vast and apparently trackless bogs to the canals, by which it is conveyed to remote parts of the country as well as to the metropolis.

Mr. O'Farrell, who was by faith and practice a

lover and preacher of peace and good-will, attempted to explain away my morning's proceedings; but seeing it was a sore subject, and one which in fact could *not* be explained away to the satisfaction of Mr. Fagan's feelings, I found means to divert it by entering on a different topic, and treated him to some very extraordinary news of various kinds, chiefly about the French convention, our army in Flanders, &c.; all of which, though not above twelve weeks old, was most gratefully received. So far indeed had he conquered his prejudices against me, that, on my proposition to him to come on to Manor Rawdon, and eat a bit of lamb with me in a friendly way, he rather consented than refused.

On arriving at the cross, at which the road to Trim (only five miles distant) branched off, we sat down at the foot of one of those monuments of the piety of our popish ancestors, which still rears its venerable head, unscathed by the hand of time, the war of elements, or the still more deadly war of religious feuds and factions. We sat reposing ourselves and chatting, when, at a distance of about half a mile, two figures were discovered in the horizon, bending their course towards us; in one of whom

I had no difficulty in tracing the upright form and flowing cloak of the affectionate Nanny, and in the other her ungracious sire. A few moments brought them more immediately within our view; and seeing them wholly unattended, I renewed my invitation to Mr. Fagan to partake of my humble dinner, assuring him that he should return at his own time and leisure. He accepted the offer with the most perfect good-will, on which I dismissed the militia-men for their own head-quarters, with a very acceptable mark of my obligations for their steady conduct.

With hanging head and hobbling gait old Fleming joined us; and it was quite ludicrous, as he marched some yards in front with Corporal Dumphy, to observe his affectation of that state of decrepitude, which, hale and strong as he was, he could not fall into for at least fifteen or twenty years. How different from his appearance a few days before, when he danced a jig with an agility that would have done credit to a man of thirty! Poor Nanny (I saw by her haggard appearance) had doomed herself to the same penance she had endured on a former day, and I longed to get to my quarters to see her comforted and refreshed. In order, however, not to create unfavourable sus-

picions in the mind of Fagan, or give one moment's pain to the heart of her perhaps sensitive parent, I scarcely spoke to her; yet her grey eye shot forth an inquiring look, as in silence she passed me, which seemed to demand of me a renewal of my pledge for her father's release. As far as a look could inspire her with confidence, I returned one which seemed to satisfy her. My fierce Cromwell now bounded on before me to announce our approach; and the worthy O'Farrell, for the first time I had ever seen him so, appeared faint and exhausted. On reaching our door he confessed that he had not "*broken bread that blessed day.*"

It was now high noon, and poor Nanny with the brave old Robin were both fasting. They were introduced into the widow's sanctum, and a comfortable breakfast was laid before them. I had previously informed Robin of the promise I had given to this girl with respect to her father, and the high regard I felt towards the good creature for her exemplary conduct. "Captain," said this rigid moralist, "she is an honest girl, industrious and innocent! and never yet has done evil, and is the chief support of the children. She is not handsome, Sir, nor over young, nor worth

your—but— No, Sir! you don't mean her any harm. No! your noble heart scorns it. So I'll say no more. But in the name of God, leave her as you found her, and Heaven will reward you for it!" Now, little as I was aware of any suspicions in Robin's mind, they were nevertheless very natural, from the warm manner in which I interested myself for poor Nanny on her arrival. I soon satisfied him that my intentions were as pure as he could have wished, and, leaving them to their refreshment, went to my strange guest, Mr. Fagan.

While employed in finding conversation for both, I was interrupted by a call below to receive two gentlemen. I found them to be the Messrs. Newnhams, who, hearing of my morning exploit, came kindly to remonstrate with me on the danger and folly of it. "You should not have taken the law into your own hands," said the elder, "for now your safety after night-fall will be very doubtful." I was not insensible to just reproof, and therefore confessed the error of proceeding to such serious lengths without taking their advice, but excused myself on the score of my military obligations. "Ah! but my dear boy," continued the elder, "if that poor woman had

lost her life through *fright*—for I hope you never seriously intended she should have been put to death by your soldiers—if, by any chance, you had not appeared to the time, you would never have forgiven yourself, and probably would not have enjoyed another happy moment during life." I hung my head in silence. The awful truth flashed on my mind; and the horrible idea that the soldiers really *would* have acted on my orders had I not appeared to my time, almost distracted me.

Seeing my confusion, they said they called to tell me that all was well. The woman and one of the sons had been to their house to obtain a warrant against me; but this they had deferred granting until they saw me. I told them Fagan himself was in the house as my voluntary guest, at which they seemed equally astonished and pleased; and promising to call in the evening on their way from Somerston, they left me in a strange state of feeling, divided between the pain of self-reproach and the pride of having done my duty under every danger. Time has since convinced me of the folly, not to say cruelty, of the act; but such acts were, and I fear are still, but too common in

that unhappy country. The circumstances communicated by the magisterial brothers rendered me doubly anxious to cultivate the good-will of my vulgar though shrewd guest, on whom I lavished every civility; and without betraying any over anxiety for an oblivion of the morning's work, I proposed a jug of reconciliation, in which O'Farrell, always temperate, for once consented to join. Over this jorum, friendship was proclaimed, and old Robin made us shake hands on it.

When six o'clock came, Mr. Fagan expressed a desire to go home; and that he should do so like a *gentleman*, a horse with *bridle and saddle* (a convenience not always to be had in a hurry) was provided: he drank off the stirrup-glass with repeated protestations of friendship and regard, whether sincere or otherwise I cared not; but it is at least fair to say for my bog acquaintance, that neither he himself nor his people ever molested me; on the contrary, I had many a pitcher of cream and many a basket of fine gooseberries and currants presented from his garden, the best in the neighbourhood. In the course of my sojourn at Manor Rawdon, I subsequently discovered that this was the reward of my lenient conduct towards old Fleming.

It was with great satisfaction the Messrs. Newnhams heard from me, on their evening visit, that matters had concluded so amicably; and they most kindly forbore to remind me how deeply I had committed and endangered myself.

They then advised me by all means to march old Fleming to head-quarters with my next detachment of recruits: "He will be rejected of course," (said they,) "but it will give the man a fright, and keep him more at home with his family in future." I agreed in the propriety of this step, but determined that his poor affectionate daughter's hopes and dependence should not be baffled. She slept with the servant women of the house that night; the old man in the detached barrack-room. The next morning I took an opportunity of talking to the girl, and told her Messrs. Newnhams' advice. "It must be as *you* please, Sir," (she meekly answered,) "but if he should *not* be rejected?"—"Make yourself easy on that head, my girl; he *shall* be restored to you and your poor mother—depend on that, cost me what it may." She went home to have a conversation with her mother, and on her return she brought a bundle of clothes for herself, and some

linen for her father: there was a degree of humble fortitude in her look and manner, as if she had made up her mind to endure the worst, and cling to her old father, whatever fate awaited him.

Having mildly hinted to the serjeant my wish that he would be kind but not *too free* with Fleming's daughter, he promised me of course; but he did more—he kept that promise, and treated her with respect and tenderness during the march.

The hay harvest was over, and the wages were wasted in dissipation. We had picked up fourteen more recruits, of which I counted on ten at least being accepted; the others were bow-legged, short sturdy louts of five feet three and four, hardly fit for rear-rank men of the centre companies of what used to be called a "*condemned regiment*" in those days: however I took them at hap-hazard, and made arrangements for another march to Longueville, determined to enjoy on my return the long wished-for visit to Templemore, where my heart and all its best affections lay.

The very evening before our intended march, an old woman brought me a letter; delivering it with great mystery, but not omitting to say, as she looked in my face, "*Musha then! the Lord bless*

*you and Miss Maria!*" I knew not how to account to old O'Farrell, who was near me when the beldam called me aside, for the appearance of this strange visitor; and though he marvelled much at it, he had too much delicacy to ask a single question. I looked over the letter; saw it did not require an immediate reply; gave the old woman a few shillings, and a glass of whiskey to *set her going*, and in an instant she was off.

The female servants, however, were less scrupulous than honest Robin. "That 's the ould fortune-teller from Laracor, bad luck to her!" said one. "Ay," said another, "and I'll be bail the Captain gave her pretty *hansel*, for she had her fist full of shillings; it 's the likes of her that has the luck." Even the fine-faced widow gave her opinion—"*It 's soon you're in the field, Captain; but how sly you have kept it!*" All this I endured in silence. I feared to tell Robin that it was an invitation from Mr. Temple, lest at some future period the falsehood should be discovered; I knew not what to say, and therefore was silent. As soon as I was alone in my room, I read the letter with feelings of delight which have never since been equalled.

"Although sensible of the impropriety of writing to you, I am hurried on by feelings which I would not, if I could, control; to your young and ingenuous heart I confide my honor; let it frame that excuse which I cannot find for myself. We now hear of you every day, but see you never. Why is this? Come to us—to me! as you value the heart of—Maria."

Entranced in schemes of future bliss, the balmy power for hours forsook my pillow, and sleep closed not my wearied eyes until the grey morn lifted

> Her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
> Exanimate by love.

How to convey an answer was my first anxiety. I blamed my precipitancy in sending off the old woman without one line or word of acknowledgment; however Laracor was but two miles out of the line of march, and thither I determined to go, and by riding through Trim, join my party on the Templemore road about the hour they would arrive at the turn leading to that village.

Every thing being prepared for the march, my party, now reinforced by an escort of six men of the ***** militia, proceeded forward, with

orders where to halt. My movements were a mystery to old Robin, who still preserved a respectful silence; he seemed pleased at being asked to march in command of my party a couple of miles of the road, only regretting that he had not his hanger: he had however his five-foot cane; a much more appropriate appendage to his venerable age and quaker-like appearance. In order to relieve the party generally, and prevent their hanging back from blistered feet or sore heels, complaints which unwilling marchers are sometimes apt to be troubled with, but chiefly for the convenience of the affectionate and troubled Nanny, a car brought up the rear; then having seen my party march off in as high glee as whiskey and the sound of a solitary fife could create, I turned my horse's head towards Laracor.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

O, judge him gently! for to him was given
A feeling heart, that fatal gift from Heaven.

My story now draws towards an interesting yet painful period. In a few short weeks I lost more self-esteem than years could afterwards restore. Yet let me not be too severely judged: mine were not the crimes of the matured and practised seducer—the deliberate violator of the sanctity of the social hearth, but the momentary errors of a heart itself seduced to evil; the follies, not the crimes, of a youth scarcely seventeen!

I found the old woman at home and alone. I reached her hovel between eight and nine o'clock. She was sitting in the chimney-corner of the now cool and turfless hearth, deriving faint light

from the hole above, which formed an apology for a chimney: across her knees rested an old noseless pair of bellows, on the board of which she displayed a filthy pack of cards, from which she affected to explore the destinies of many a fair employer.

That she herself believed in the virtue of these greasy oracles of fate, I could not entertain a doubt; for when I abruptly entered, she gave a faint scream, and exclaimed, "Well, see that now!" protesting, with an oath, that she had seen my approach in the cards five minutes before; and certainly, from the nature of the road, her vision must have been supernatural to have obtained a sight of me by her outward organs; nor had she the slightest intimation of my intended visit.

She had placed me, under the uninviting character of the knave of spades, between the queen of that suit and the fair one of hearts; certain it is, I saw the amiable trio set apart from the rest of the pack, where they had evidently been placed long before I could have been perceived. "Here *you* are," said the beldam, (pointing to Spado,) "and here is your love," placing her fingers on

the queen of hearts; "and here," touching the Dido of spades with a significant shake of her head, "is the lady who loves you, and whom you turn your back on." She then shuffled up her entire pack, and inviting me to cut it into three parcels, she commenced her predictions. After some internal rumination, she mumbled out the result of her divinations. "Here is the four of clubs—which means a bed; and here is the ace of diamonds—a letter and a ring, but not for you." Then turning up the next card, she exclaimed, in evident dismay, "Ogh! death alive! Captain, jewel! the ring is covered by the nine of spades—misfortune and trouble; and there's a dark man between you—and here is another letter—and there's death and grief; O! woor es throo! O! woor es throo!* But all may end happily; cut again." Heartily tired of her jargon, yet not a little ashamed of my own credulity, (for I confess some portion of her assumed powers of divination made an impression on me for the moment) I asked how long it would take her to go to Templemore.

* O woor es throo! an Irish exclamation so pronounced, meaning "woe is me!"

"Is it how long I would take? Why, what's to hinder me from being there in a jiffy?"

"But in what time, my good woman, could you be there?"

"Well then, your Honor, faster than you can ride there, that is, if you go through Trim, any how."

Annoyed at her evasive (but truly Irish) way of answering my question, I once more threw out a bait for a positive answer; demanding if she could be there in an hour.

"In an hour, agra! Sure the river's low enough now, and the devil a bridge I want. I'll be bail your Honor will not be out of Trim town before I am safe and sound at Templemore before you."

"But, my good woman, I *am not going there*; I am merely to pass along the road at the head of the Templemore town. I wish you to give this note into Miss Maria's own hand, without any other soul seeing you."

"Give it to me," said she, eagerly seizing the billet; "and let me be off."

Her impatience was too much in unison with my own to induce me to offer the slightest check

to it. So bundling up the cards, she thrust them into her pocket, throwing a rag of a cloak over her shoulders, and a doubtful colored old kerchief over her head; and all was ready for her departure. My mare was tied to an elder-tree, which overshadowed the solitary hovel, against the entrance of which the old body had stuck up an apology for a door, placing a large stone against it, by way of security against the intrusion of the pigs; for from the superstition of the poor people, no human being would think of entering into the sibyl's den. She set off at a quicker pace than from her appearance I thought her capable of; and knowing how much she could shorten the distance by fording the Boyne, I gave credit to her promise of expedition, and set off with a light but still anxious heart.

On passing through Trim I could not avoid paying a hasty visit of compliment to the commanding officer there, and leaving cards at the lodgings of those officers of the corps from whom I had received such polite attentions. These visits did not occupy half an hour, and I was once more on the wing; another half hour

brought me up with my party, who had the advantage of me by a quarter of an hour, and were quite ready for the road.

When just about to resume the march, I saw my ancient messenger trotting towards me, and making signs that she had followers; whilst, with a significant wink of her bleared yet cunning eye, she held for a moment her finger on her withered lips, and then hastily passed me without one word or another look. In two minutes or less, Mr. Temple, with my angel Maria, appeared in the distance, making hasty strides to catch us before we moved. In an instant I was on foot, and running towards them; my eyes were fixed in rapture on her almost *divine* face.

There was no longer any embarrassment on her brow; a glance of inquiry on my part was answered, as I supposed, in the affirmative—*'tis well, 'tis well.* I was so transported with my good fortune, that I never appeared in a greater flow of spirits; the old man was more than kind, he was cordial. I at last asked the question which I felt I had too long neglected: addressing Maria, I inquired, "How is your sweet sister and Mr. Tom?" —"Quite well," she answered: "she sends her

kind remembrance to you. As for Tom, he is in the garden to-day taking the air, waiting our return, and of course is cross at our absence."—"Ay, ay, my dear," interrupted the old gentleman; "but the captain will know more about HIM by-and-by. Well, now God bless you, my boy! come to us on your return, and stay with us as long as you can. We accidentally heard of your marching from the doctor, and were determined to intercept you if we could; but mind you don't give us the double on your return, or by *Jove* you'll have the women upon you for the slight."

They stopped to see my awkward troop in motion, while I remained behind with them, in order to partake of the laugh rather than be included in it. Another adieu, and an interchange of fond looks with the loveliest of her sex, set me off in that state of buoyancy of mind which is the happy gift of youth, alas! too soon depressed by the cares and crimes of manhood. I had jogged on a couple of hundred yards in the rear of the party before I dared to turn my looks behind. When at last I did, instead of the sylph-like figure of the gentle Maria, my eye caught a glance of the old sibyl in full chace of me. As may be sup-

posed I slackened my pace, laying the blame on a slack girth, and which I made a show of tightening, in order to allow of the old woman's approach. The only words she uttered were, "She has it—she is yours! Be off—be off! If the master sees me, I'm kilt!" She did not even wait for her reward, but wheeled away and took to the earth like an old fox, under the covert of a high impending bank, where she crouched as if fearful of observation. I remounted, and was soon up with my party.

I perceived with pleasure that poor Nanny was travelling in perfect personal comfort, although her stern immoveability of countenance showed no sign either of pleasure or pain; equally proof to the expression of hope or fear. Her father, who apparently had made up his mind for an awful change of life, had endeavoured, by the help of an occasional *half-noggin* of the native, to keep his spirits afloat. His daughter (true to her promise) had not encouraged the slightest hope of his obtaining a discharge, although it must have wrung her kind heart to hear his deep and heavy sighs whenever he approached her to give instructions for the management of

the house after losing him! Another day's trial, my poor Nanny, thought I, and your heart shall be at ease.

We reached our stage at dusk, and were not long in providing quarters, which I preferred paying for under one roof, rather than run risks by taking scattered billets.

To a poor Irishman a bed is never an object of concern, particularly at such a season of the year. A barn plentifully strewed with clean straw, and here and there a blanket, was found quite sufficient to supply the wants and gratify the wishes of recruits and escort. The latter furnished two sentries during the short summer's night to prevent desertion. The morning parade, however, found every man on the roll present and fresh for the march, which I extended that day to a village within the short distance of five miles to head-quarters.

Poor Nanny's countenance for the first time betrayed symptoms of change during this last march, overspread by a deadly paleness at one moment, and at the next burning with the flush of fever; she tottered rather than walked to her father's side when we halted for the night, and

clung to him, as if he alone, of all earthly objects, was the most dear to her; and so he was! At that moment I wished to have said a few words to her, but had too much to do in making my arrangements for the accommodation and security of my men to afford me time. But, gracious God! with what a look of fervent gratitude she turned her tearless heavy eye to heaven when she heard me say to the serjeant, "*Old Fleming need not sleep in the barn with the recruits—he may go with his daughter to her lodging.*" Her pale and quivering lips moved in silence; and grasping the arm of her father, who seemed unconscious of his movements, she hurried him off as if still fearful of a recal.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

To bid the sweetly glistening tear arise
That swims in the glad eye of gratitude.

THE village or small town in which we were to quarter for the night, consisted of fifty or sixty straggling houses and cabins, two of which were inns, as the good landladies termed them. In the *second* best (I must not say *worst*, for the honor of the country) poor Nanny found a lodging for herself and parent.

At an early hour the next morning I sent off a messenger to my friend of many names, the adjutant, to request a fife and drum to beat my party into town. I was in no hurry to proceed forward; so leaving my serjeant and the experienced Corporal Dumphy to dress up the recruits in

their clothing, which I did not allow them to wear on the march, I bent my steps down the village towards the alehouse, where Nanny and the old truant, her father, had housed themselves. The poor girl was dressed in her best, as neat and tidy as if prepared to go to chapel as a bride; and to my eye she seemed an object not unworthy the honest civilities of a better man than Serjeant Macnab. After a long, and I dare say very prosy, lecture to old Fleming, I gave him his regular release (never having been attested), and accepted the money to reimburse the serjeant, receiving also the customary twenty shillings smart money, for all of which I had my reasons. "And now, old man, you are free: go home with your best of daughters; make your family happy, and God bless you!"

The old man was so overpowered by delight, by astonishment, and gratitude, that he stood rolling his leaden eyes in stupid amazement, hardly knowing what to think; while from the eyes of his generous and devoted daughter burst a flood of tears, which all her past affliction had failed to extract. She fell on her knees ere I could prevent the unwished-for prostration; and

with her firm and sinewy hands pressed mine alternately to her lips and heart, incapable of uttering a syllable of thanks. I was not of an age and temperament to stand cold and unmoved at such a scene. I raised poor Nanny from her humble posture; and when her tongue found words, she said, in her homely but fervent way, "O! may the blessing of the child, of the father, and the whole family be about you by day and by night; and may the prayers of poor Nanny defend you in the hour of danger!"

The blessings of the innocent are surely registered in heaven! The old man hastily rushed out of the room, for what purpose I could not guess; but I took advantage of his temporary absence to force on the sublime-minded Nanny a paper containing all the money her poor father had handed to me. "And now, dear Nanny," said I, "excellent girl! we part to meet no more!" I involuntarily opened my arms to embrace her, when she fell almost senseless on my shoulder; then pressing me with more than feminine force, she clasped me to her throbbing bosom, while her tears bedewed my cheek, bestowing on me a kiss, the ardour of which must for the moment

have made my lips pale. It was not the kiss of gross or vulgar passion; nor yet the ecstatic trembling touch of doating first love! it was such a kiss as the devotee would have bestowed on the shrine of his saint; or the fond mother have imprinted on the lip of the child of her heart as the last token of maternal tenderness when parting to meet no more!

During this tender scene in bolted the old father, with a glass in one hand, and a bottle of stuff in the other, to which the landlady had given the *brevet-rank* of port; and which, in the fulness of his gratitude, he had purchased as a treat to me. "Here, Captain," said he, filling a bumper, "and now give her another," (for he had entered at the conclusion of my sentimental embrace,) "wishing Nanny a good husband and soon."—"That I will, with all my heart," I replied; and after repeating the toast, but not the embrace, drank off the pernicious compound to the dregs, and departed.

As I walked, skipped, hopped, or, heaven knows how, found my way along the dirty and desolate street, on my return to my quarters, my feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground; my head

was giddy, my heart swam in a sea of delight. O! of all earthly joys, surely that of making a virtuous being supremely happy is the most exquisite. Ambition, love, pleasure, even the enchanting Maria, were all forgotten in this moment of sweet delirium. I could only think of the fond and faithful Nanny returning to her native roof, bringing in her hand that penitent parent, who had hitherto only brought affliction on their humble house, but whose presence would be greeted as the harbinger of joy and days of happiness to the domestic circle.

On repairing to the barrack-room, a mass of human hair, which lay, coiled up like a huge black spaniel, in a corner, the mowings of Mr. Husho's unsparing scizzors from the heads of my rugged recruits, was speedily repaired by a profuse lather of soap over the remaining crop, which, when nearly cold, was well plastered with a thick coat of flour; a knife scraped the margin of the face into the semblance of whiskers. Thus rendered *soldier-like*, the cap was *screwed* upon the head of the passive wearer, and then the barber's task was done. A new shirt, never yet washed, and stiff as buckram, a white cloth vest, white duck trowsers,

and slop jacket, with just cuffs and collar to mark the regiment, completed the toilet; not forgetting a stock of coarse black leather, of such unbending inflexibility, that the blow of a sledge hammer alone could reduce it to any degree of obedience.

All was now ready; the bill paid, roll called—"All present, Sir," (except Fleming, discharged). We were just setting off, when I recollected that the return car would be most convenient for poor Nanny and her father; so satisfying the carman for its use, at the moderate rate of two shillings to Manor Rawdon, I sent it down the village to the heroic girl, with my good wishes: that last kind office done, I never saw her more.

## CHAPTER XXV.

——— He made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman.

We marched at the most moderate pace, as I was unwilling that perspiration should defraud Mr. Husho of those honors which he exhibited on the whitewashed cheeks and heads of my new-clad band. We were about two hours marching four miles and a half. When arrived at a cross-road, about half a mile from head-quarters, we saw in a state of loitering repose a score, or perhaps thirty, brother-soldiers, (if such a motley group ought to be honoured with the name,) apparently waiting our arrival.

My messenger of the morning then came forward with a note from the captain-adjutant (the

most good-natured man that ever cracked a joke or his cane on an awkward squad) to me, to say, that as Ensign O'Regan was also on the march with a batch of men from Mullingar, he (the adjutant) had sent him orders to halt for me; and as our united parties, some forty or fifty men, would cut a formidable appearance, he had sent two drums and fifes, and one of the recruiting flags, in order that we might march into town with an imposing aspect.

The aforesaid Ensign O'Regan (whom I afterwards learned was not fool enough to stick to the sword as a profession) was a fat, jolly-looking gentleman of forty, who had already raised and *sold*, for various regiments, some scores of men; and the *bowld* Captain O'Regan and his tall swaggering serjeant, Jemmy Clanchy, were known in every sheebeen from Mayo to Mullingar. To this gentleman I made my salute; and on asking the date of his commission, in order to settle the order of command, (what a command!) he most good-humouredly replied, "The devil receive the commission I have; only tell me where to go, and I'll do just as you please. I know nothing about manœuvring my men; I only wish they were out of

my hands." On requesting him to order his men to *fall in*, he spoke to them in Irish, and they soon formed in rank; each man, or nearly each, armed with a shillelagh in his hand, which it would be much more agreeable to see than feel. My spalpeens were absolutely crack *guardsmen* in comparison to Captain O'Regan's squad; and being all in regimentals, while only a sprinkling of red jackets were to be seen amongst his, the post of honor was readily accorded: but to save all jealousies as to command, we rode abreast in front of our united party until we reached the town, when we dismounted and marched sword in hand, the drummers battering their sheep-skins most furiously, while the fifers, whenever they could be heard, gave "*The girl that I left behind me,*" with all the pathos their cracked shrill piploes were capable of imparting.

A squat, cubical-formed, half-witted fellow, called Shaun O'Neil, was honored with the charge of the colours, which he waved from side to side, as our party wound its way through the sinuosities of this bustling market-town, exposed to the grins of the whole population: and I really felt it a relief, when, escaping from the main street, we

scaled the steep and stony acclivity on which the castle barracks are perched.

But a fresh mortification awaited me there. On gaining the castle-gate, all the officers of the regiment at head-quarters had assembled to behold us. In front of the group stood the commanding officer, Major Muskerry; a soldier of six week's standing, who, priding himself on this long military experience, assumed the character of a merciless martinet.

He was the only son of General and Lady Louisa Muskerry; and had been taken from a boarding-school at Portarlington to join his heretofore peaceable papa, as aide-de-camp. Having attained the rank of CAPTAIN before he knew that he was in the army, he had just been promoted to the majority of the "*Loyal Leinster.*"

The Major (yet a minor) was a handsome-faced *lady-like* young gentleman; and as he stood with eye-glass in hand, counting our irregular paces, my ears were regaled with the sounds of "Bad! very bad, indeed! Captain Flank, let all these *fellows* be sent to drill the moment they are passed."

"Certainly, Sir!" replied the obsequious ad-

jutant; with about as much intention of inflicting that misery on the poor devils as he had of cutting their throats. But the vain capricious boy was to lose his command the next day, when the senior Major, an old officer, was expected to arrive; and honest Flank thought it perfectly orthodox to make a show of obedience to the powers that be.

Greatly to my surprise, and still more to my satisfaction, every one of my recruits were passed. Shaun O'Neil, the most unpromising of the whole batch, who the day before would have parted with one of his fingers to ensure his rejection, had, unluckily for him, been made the laughing-stock of his comrades all that morning's march; and having been outrageously quizzed by them when it came to his turn to undergo naked examination, being put on his mettle, he gave such proofs of his muscular powers, that the surgeon, on passing him, declared that, although rather *cross-made*, and unsightly as a soldier, he would make the most valuable pioneer in the regiment: an opinion which fixed on him the name of "*Shaun the Pinoneer*"* ever after.

* Soldiers of the old school always called *corporal, corplar;* and *pioneers, pinoneers.*

I obtained a receipt for my fourteen men; but unwilling to come in contact with the smock-faced Major, I excused myself from dining at the mess, (on the score of fatigue and indisposition,) and after a slight repast marched off with my serjeant, corporal, and the militia escort, for our last night's stage, where we arrived betimes.

Having liberally regaled my red-coats, I retired to rest, determined that the next day should see me at the feet of her who was scarcely ever a moment from my thoughts.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

O! say, my Muse, what ills arise
From wily woman's coaxing eyes,
Warm, sensual, and free!
And all their vain delusive speech,
Which art nor cunning cannot reach,
Nor wise experience see.

At five the next morning I was up and stirring. I procured a fresh nag; the distance to Templemore was forty long miles; but love annihilates time and space. My half-sobered but ever attentive Mr. Husho had contrived to roll up in my great coat a change or two of linen, and, in valise fashion, he strapped it to the pad of my saddle. Having despatched my party with the necessary orders for their conduct, I gave the spur to my steed and the reins to my imagination. It had been much better if I had been more sparing of the former, for the perverse brute, which at

first starting was very loth to budge, no sooner felt the steel in her sides than off she set full gallop over one of those rough and flinty roads with which the country abounds, amidst the encouraging cheers of her owner and the loiterers at the pot-house door; but certainly to the extreme alarm, if not danger, of her inexperienced rider. This burst of spirit soon subsided; but I feared to renew the provocation to speed beyond the pressure of my knees; and all my caution was required to preserve my due position on the saddle from certain genuflective propensities, which left me sprawling on the road two or three times in the course of the morning.

After a variety of perilous tumbles and scrambles, before I had performed three-fourths of my journey, I came to the philosophical determination of walking the last ten miles; the better to fortify me for which I enjoyed a capacious dish of rashers and eggs (not over-delicately prepared); for love, all powerful as it was, had not taken away my grosser appetite. With bridle on arm I set off about six in the evening from the roadside inn, where I had found *entertainment for man*

*and horse,* dragging my unwilling beast after me, which seemed constantly inclined to wheel about and make for her native mountain. I ventured once more to bestride her, and with great caution reached Templemore without further mischance, just as night was falling. As my route did not touch upon the immediate vicinity of my worthy friend's mansion, I had full time to put myself to rights before I ventured into the presence of my beloved; but that critical, long-wished-for moment having arrived, my tremulous hand could scarcely raise the brazen knocker to give notice of my coming.

I had in the course of the day written on a scrap of paper—

"If you would relieve the anxiety of a heart which burns to reveal its wishes, contrive to see me alone for a few moments! Do not reject my request, my prayer!"

This I held in my hand, and as I was admitted into the house, I seized the welcome opportunity which the obscurity of the hall afforded, and of my charmer's approach to see who was their visitor, to press the little paper into her kindly

extended hand. She hesitated to accept it; but on my saying, "Take it, or I am lost," I closed her hand upon it, and rushed into the parlour.

In the darkness visible I discerned the figures of my friendly host, that of my stout fair one, and of a third person, who appeared to be in the act of taking leave as I entered, and by whose voice I soon recognised my angling Esculapius. He had passed the day there, and had waited for the first glimpses of the moon to proceed homewards; this convenient darkness enabled me to receive, with all the warmth it was offered, the fond squeeze of the soft and velvet palm of the substantial beauty. I am not sure whether our cheeks did not touch. I hated myself for the act; but the touch was electrical. But, O gracious powers! with what horror, with what astounding stupefaction I heard the Doctor deliver his parting compliments, I must leave my readers to conceive, when I state that, in his adieus, I for the first time discovered that the object of my adoration, *my* Maria, *the* Maria! of all others on earth the most lovely and loveable, was Mrs. *Thomas Templeton*, the wife of the worn-out debauchee, Mr. Tom; and the fat luxuriant beauty by my side

the daughter of my host! Fortunately the shades of evening threw their deepest veil over my horror-struck features; and to the Doctor's loquacity on my own affairs, and my expected stay in that part of the country, I was absolutely dumb, or muttered out such "vague uncertain stuff" as might fairly have authorised him to apply the lancet. Imputing my embarrassment to certain indications of mutual good-will between me and Miss T., which even darkness could not conceal from his all-watchful eye and ear, he said with his good night—"Well, well! I'll soon see you again; and, if I mistake not, young gentleman, we shall have many a day's fishing together." Mr. Temple retired at the same time as the Doctor, promising to return to us in an hour to supper.

Left alone with Miss T., the dreadful truth now broke on my distracted mind in all its force. This, then, is the woman, who, confiding in the sincerity of my compliments, and something more than words that passed on our first meeting, has committed the secret wishes of her heart to one so worthless, so unsteady—now so wretched! These thoughts passed through my mind with the rapi-

dity of the lightning's flash. I made an instant resolve (would to Heaven I had acted upon the thought!) to affect illness, retire to the inn, and at the morning's dawn withdraw for ever from that cruel net which fate had laid for my entanglement. My silence, my cold and clammy hand, my quick breathing, and deep-drawn sighs, seriously alarmed Miss Temple. With an expression of tenderness she led me down the flight of steps into the garden, now illumined by the first bright rays of the harvest moon; where, half-supported by her, I tottered down the centre alley. Her full and downy cheek, pressed closely to mine, rallied back the warm tide of life which had so lately ebbed. Arrived at the fishing-house, I felt somewhat revived. To fly was to be saved—to remain, perdition. I tarried and was lost!

The town-hall clock struck ten! We hurried from the garden; she with all her sex's devoted fondness, I with that bitter sense of guilt which stung our first parent! On entering the parlour I beheld Mrs. Tom Temple, (cursed fate, that I should so write it!) who rallied us on our long *tête-à-tête;* and while a halo of bright loveliness

seemed to play around her beautiful face, I felt ten thousand pangs assail my graceless heart. All that had passed within the last fatal hour rushed on my mind in horrid rapidity; but the sight of her put to flight all thoughts of departure. To breathe the same air; to be allowed to hear the murmuring accents of her sweet voice; to touch that soft and tender hand even in the formality of a morning salute, were in themselves degrees of happiness beyond my merits. But, O! the thought that all these beauties were thrown away on one,

> Who in that lovely form and angel mind
> Should miss ten thousand beauties I could find;
> Who with low fancy should approach her charms,
> While half enjoyed she sinks into his arms—

distracted and overwhelmed me. I became suddenly abstracted and dull. Fortunately the excuse of my having slept but little the night before, and my unpleasant and tiresome journey of the day, were admitted as some atonement for my silence and stupidity; and I hailed the signal for repairing to my chamber as a temporary relief from a state of absolute misery.—

I hardly expected to find that repose my spirits so much needed; yet "kind Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," threw her downy pinions over my jaded senses, and the morning's sun was hours in age ere I was made sensible that the servant had been more than once in my room to rouse me from the pillow. I found it half-past eight. I then recollected having been apprised the preceding night that breakfast would be on the table at seven, and that I should then be introduced to Mr. Tom! I hardly attended to the notice: the name was odious to me; but the communicative servant informed me that *Mister Tom*, accompanied by Doctor Splint, had left the house about an hour before for Dublin, to attend a consultation of physicians; that the ladies were going to Nutsford, with the master, on the jaunting car; and, moreover, there was to be a grand party at dinner at *five!* All this was indeed news to me; so I hurried forward my easy toilet; and was soon in the breakfast parlour, assuming a degree of gaiety to which my heart was a stranger.

One loved being of the family was absent; and my quivering lip was about to ask the dreaded

question whether she too had departed for town, when she suddenly entered to glad my almost sinking heart. In her company I enjoyed a breakfast which wanted nothing but peace of mind to render it delicious. I heard the father rally her on her laziness, saying, "Tom had nearly given you the slip this morning; and, only I made him go into your room to bid good-morrow to your nightcap, he would have been off without receiving your and Maria's commissions." My gratified ears drank every syllable of this speech with delight, as it gave me to understand that there was a *separate* establishment in that department in which my unhappy mind was most sensitive.

Breakfast being ended, we shortly after took our seat on the jaunting car, or Irish vis-à-vis, as it is called, where the company sit *back* to *back*. Our driver was "*The Boy*," that is, the male drudge of the house for all work. To equalise the weight I was placed beside Miss Maria, while "Mrs. Tom" sat beside the father. A car, such as that we rode in, is not the most convenient of vehicles for love-making. The tenderest sentiment is sometimes cut short or sadly disfigured

by a sudden jolt; and in those days there were moments when a high-trotting horse, a springless car, and a rough rocky road, reminded the traveller that it was no joking matter.

The ladies, however, seemed quite at their ease, and enjoyed my complaints. They sat perfectly at their ease, yielding to the swings and jolts of the vehicle—*sitting free*, as it is termed; whilst I, who had been accustomed to the C springed cars of Dublin, or the less luxurious jingles of the Black Rock road, held fast by hand, and pushed firmly with my feet, to retain my seat, never losing a single motion of the rattling carriage. I was shaken to the centre. The luscious honey, the raspberries and cream, and all the nice breakfast fare, in which I had indulged, were already in strange commotion; and happy was I when the opportunity for alighting saved me from seeking the only relief my qualmish stomach seemed susceptible of.

The original Irish jaunting-car, and springless Spanish caleza, are abominations in their way: the first is purgatory, the last perdition! The nine miles Irish, something more than eleven English, to Nutsford, were performed in less than an hour

and a half; for the greater portion the route lay over a road, in the formation of which unassisted Nature contributed (in the bare surface of the lime-stone rock) more than half her share. I seldom ventured on a compliment of the tongue, and had not a hand to spare for a fond squeeze. However, when once on terra firma, I endeavoured to make up for my taciturnity.

The old gentleman had business at Nutsford preparatory to the approaching assizes, and proceeding thereon to a brother of the law, left the ladies to my care, with instructions to be at the inn at the entrance of the town at two: my fair charge of *course* proposed to go shopping.

Nutsford was, in those days, and probably still may be, what in England would be called a dirty, wretched, and crowded town; but in Ireland, where neither dirt nor over population are deemed evils, it was called a *smart* one: and assuredly the flaunting airs and dresses of those ladies who condescended to keep shops in those pig-promenades called *streets*, would seem to warrant the title. At one of these magazines of fashion my fair friends made a call; and I could not but observe that before they ventured to ask

for any of the articles they came to purchase, they seemed to feel it necessary to inquire for every member of the family, and all the connexions of the queen of the counter. This ceremony gone through, the object of the visit and purchase was delicately *hinted* at. There was no higgling, no attempt at reduction; *that* would have been considered an affront. Even the receipt of the money seemed a vulgar habit,—"*it would be time enough at the assizes!*" but my ladies *paid*, and I too, not to be behind, purchased a pair of gloves, and black silk-handkerchief from the modista, who, by the way, was a fine, tall, showy, fair woman, (much over-dressed,) related to half the gentry in the country, and twenty-fifth cousin to Lord Bective and Squire Rowly! Her brother, who had been lieutenant in the county militia, was then beating up for recruits for a regiment of the line, into which he had volunteered, and the lady's conversation was interlarded with the expression, "*My brother, the Captain,*" every minute. I saw this same brother with his corps in the West Indies in 1797. The yellow fever, new rum, and night pickets, had by that time cleared his way to a majority; and

"*full of strange oaths—jealous and quick in quarrel,*" he was ready to cut the throat of any one from whose lips, however innocently, the word "*shop*" happened to fall.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

But, oh! what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves.

A CIRCUMSTANCE occurred on our leaving the magazine of fashion, which afforded me a long *tête-à-tête* with my heart's idol, although followed by consequences which might have checked my career of good or evil, ere yet the blossoms of life had time to expand.

While I held a lady on each arm, we suddenly encountered a former lover of Miss Temple's, a Lieutenant Arabin of the artillery; as fine a fellow to behold as ever stormed the citadel of woman's heart. His unexpected appearance threw my lusty love into a state of confusion and dismay, which, under existing circumstances, was but

too natural. She had just time to whisper,—"Don't leave me, dearest," when the young artilleryman opened fire with a volley of compliments; and with a freedom which spoke the openness of his nature, said, "Brother soldier, you are too happy, and I am sure will not refuse me a share of your happiness," at the same time gently taking the hand of Miss Temple. The lady neither granted nor refused the offer, but "looked unutterable things" at me, as the gallant lieutenant limbered into line with her.

On resigning her arm, I could not avoid saying something in the nature of a compliment to his superior claims to the preference of the fair; for he was in truth one of the handsomest men I had ever seen, when Mrs. Maria cut short my speech by requesting me to bestow some of my compliments on them, who had been in vain watching for them the whole of the morning. I felt the rebuke, and hurried forward, pressing her yielding hand in rapture to my throbbing heart. We were soon a dozen yards in advance of Miss Temple and the lieutenant.

The lucky opportunity which I had so ardently longed for, so earnestly entreated, had now ar-

rived; yet I felt tongue-tied and bewildered; almost gasping for utterance, I at length found words to implore her forgiveness for the liberty I had taken the preceding night, yet I trembled to proceed to a full explanation. An expression of the most heart-thrilling tenderness passed over her benign brow, when, returning the pressure of my hand, she replied, "Ask yourself whether I forgive *you*—but can I forgive myself for this confession?" The icy spell which bound my tongue in silence once broken, a torrent of rapturous acknowlegements burst from my lips on her too willing ear.

Be not too severe, my most virtuous reader, on the gentle Maria. She was but *nineteen!* a child of the sun, the widowed wife of a man for whom she never felt the slightest affection, and of one too who never sought to gain it by those tender endearments which, even more than personal advantages, "*steal love's fetters o'er the mind*" of a gentle and susceptible being! Her sad story shall not be forgotten; but at present I must proceed in my walk with my interesting partner. Having reached the skirts of the town,

we turned into a green and shady lane, by pursuing the course of which for above a quarter of a mile, we should re-enter it nearly at that place where the car was ordered to be ready.

The second couple in love's country-dance, though far behind, still held us in view: of course in due time they would bend their way down this secluded *allée vert*; but in the interim we were alone, and unobserved by all the world! To repeat all the rhapsodies which an amorous boy had the folly to utter would go a great way to consign my book from the side to the back of the fire. Almost sinking with undefinable feelings, the lovely creature heard me in blushing silence, passively submitting to those mad caresses, which in all the wildness of young rapture were tumultuously bestowed. The dangerous kiss was for a moment unresistingly received, not returned: but one imploring look—for words were unutterable—one glance of fond reproach restored me to my sense of duty and respect to *her*, whose existence seemed to depend on my honor and forbearance.

To apologise for my ardor would but have

called recollections of our mutual indiscretion! A few minutes brought the other pair of lovers in sight: how they had employed their time I neither knew nor cared; it was sufficient that my heart was brimful of happiness. When joined by our friends, my air had become composed, and my attentions bore no other character than those of kind civility.

We all sauntered towards the rendezvous where we were to meet papa; but I could not fail to remark to my Maria that the meeting between Miss Temple and her gallant escort did not appear to have been a happy one: indignant reproach seemed seated on the soldier's brow, while on the lady's I thought I could discern a storm brewing against me. However, with spirits buoyant and a lightened heart, I laughed and talked, and sang scraps of songs to while away the time, until the old gentleman's appearance in the distance threw a new expression into the countenances of three of the party.

The *great gun* seemed ready to *go off* without a *match!* Miss Temple to faint; while the lovely Maria, with an angel's smile, ran forward to meet

the cause of this sudden alteration. As for me, I stood in astonishment at this mysterious change. The mystery however was subsequently cleared up, and I am not so churlish as to deny my readers the gratification their curiosity pants for: but all in good time.

An advance on both sides, soon brought the parties within speaking distance: but I observed a severe and unusal frown overcast the brow of my kind and hospitable host as he approached. My peace-making beauty opened the conference by saying, "We have had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Mr. Arabin in town; and he has accompanied us to pay his respects to you, papa." Arabin pulled off his hat, and put out his hand with such a smile of honest good-will, that it was not in the old gentleman's nature to return the salutation with chilling coldness. He, however, rather reservedly replied, "O! Mr. Arabin, your most obedient;—not gone abroad yet, Sir?" —"No, Sir; I have been transferred to a new battalion on promotion, and for which I am now recruiting in the adjacent county; and I was determined—or I should say, *hoped*, to have been

allowed the pleasure of waiting on you at Templemore to pay my respects."

"Umph!" muttered the father, "much obliged to you, Mr. Arabin. Why, my dear girls, you are late; the horse has been to this half hour; what *could* have kept you?" (looking with suspicion at the lieutenant:) "but come, we must now make haste. What's the matter with you, my darling child," (addressing *Mrs.* Maria,) "has your little captain been making you laugh too much?" She really looked faint and wan: her mind was "ill at ease;" the high-minded soldier, who was nearly insensible to the coldness of his reception, instantly offered to run to the end of the lane for the car; but she declined, only accepting the aid of his arm, while with the other she snatched that of her excellent father-in-law.

I fell once more into (I had almost said) the embrace of Miss Temple, so closely did she link her firm and fleshy arm within mine as we loitered in the rear; what had passed in advance we knew not; but I felt sincere delight when I heard the old gentleman say, "We are to have a few

friends at home to-day, Mr. Arabin, and will find room for you (if not better engaged) at our family dinner." He accepted the invitation with evident satisfaction; and having seen the party mounted, he turned into the town for his horse.

We proceeded homewards at rather a more sober pace than the outset, but in the same order as before. Miss Maria affected to be love-sick and sentimental, *I* to be jealous: we were both hypocrites! However, she extorted a promise from me not to leave her side during the day; a promise which every circumstance combined to render sacred. A cloak thrown over her shoulders enabled me without observation to entwine my arm round her beautiful waist: all angry feelings, if indeed she really entertained any, had fled from her warm bosom; and in the rash security of that "love which knows no fear," she frequently advanced her pouting lips towards mine; when (as the demon of discord would have it), at one of those amorous encounters, who should appear riding like a fury up one of the rough and craggy lanes that intersected our route, but her ci-devant lover, the gallant lieutenant!

Although he could not have seen the entire movement, he saw enough to awaken his quick-eyed jealousy, and render him miserable for the remainder of the day. He scarcely replied to me when I offered to exchange places, and ride the few miles we had yet to travel. His fine manly countenance was suffused with the blush of indignation. Instead of feeling flattered, I was deeply pained at the caprice which could withdraw, even for a moment, my fair one's attention from a perfectly handsome man, to lavish her favors on a flimsy boy! but the sex is made up of contrarieties. Many years had not elapsed ere I myself experienced a transitory pang,—the bitterness of this caprice, and saw an apish, dancing, dangling *thing* of a French boy of eighteen, wearing *rouge* and *ear-rings*, drive half the young ladies of Hampshire out of their senses to captivate him, and half the married ones to sacrifice their husbands' honor to this apology for a man, and shadow of a soldier!

But little conversation passed until we reached the house: we had but a short quarter of an hour to prepare for appearing in the great parlour;

*drawing-room* was not the term in country towns in those days. The lieutenant was consigned to my care, and to the room called *mine*, for the visit I led the way—what a perplexity!

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

You know your own degrees; sit down:
From first to last, a hearty welcome!

THERE is an ingenuousness in youth which seldom fails to disarm resentment, and atone for error. This young fellow of Herculean mould seemed to feel ashamed of his suspicions, as he viewed the stripling whom he suspected to have supplanted him; for during the few minutes devoted to ablution, brushing, and combing, he appeared all kindness and confidence towards me. But on entering the room where the assembled guests were formally seated, awaiting the welcome summons to the dining-room, the cloud once more overcast his fine features, as the lady of the house took me by the hand (which, as a total stranger,

she was only bound to do,) and introduced me individually to all her female guests, some half dozen, not one of whom was old or formal. There were the wives of two militia captains, from the depths of Connaught, chanting (rather than speaking out) their words in all the richness of their native brogue; the eldest daughter of a reverend magistrate of the adjacent town, a beauty, a blue-stocking, and an authoress! Her sister, a shrewd, sensible, but affectedly taciturn girl, who aimed at eccentricity, gained the name, but lost the chance of a husband. The fifth was a buxom widow of five or six-and-thirty; abounding in local anecdote, and in which her deceased husband ("*my poor Mick,*" as she was pleased to term the defunct) generally figured as the chief object of ridiculous recollections. She was wealthy, and displayed her wealth as far as costly trinkets could indicate it. With a fine face and person, attired in the last *month's* Dublin (and last *year's* London) fashions, she appeared dressed up for a bidding, and impatient to be knocked down; the broom was evidently at the mast-head. After my fair friend presented me to her, the sunny-faced smiling widow whispered something

to her neighbour, the authoress, not, I imagined, quite to my advantage; and I subsequently heard their whispering comparisons between the broad shoulders, the handsome face, the portly height, the femoral rotundity and muscular symmetry of limb, of the six-foot lieutenant, and my slender form and taper shanks; with some suppressed titters at Miss Temple's taste. The sixth lady, Mrs. Granby Hamilton, was the wife of a major in the army, and brother to a certain proud baronet (whose lady some years afterwards was created peeress in her own right). The parents of this very unaffected and amiable woman kept an inn at Clareville, in Munster.

Captain Granby Hamilton, having been quartered in that town for some months, became deeply enamoured of her charms; and having left no art untried to gain her favor as a mistress, he paid that homage to her virtue which, after his insulting proposal, was but an honorable reparation. He demanded her in marriage—was accepted—became happy in a wife, but wretched in his profession and his family! The match offended the proud baronet; who, having raised money by mortgage to pay off his brother's patrimonial por-

tion, forbade him his mansion and society for ever. He then purchased a majority in another regiment; but the story of his *marriage* followed him there too; and the contumely of his new associates, inferior to him in every good and honorable feeling, at length drove him from a profession, from that society, to which he had ever been an honor, and ultimately from life. He died in 1795.

From what I could perceive of the lady, she fully justified his choice. Handsome as the mother of six children could be, when I saw her she was cheerful, yet mild and unassuming in manners; pleasing in conversation, in which the gentlewoman shone in every thought and expression. She had been for years her husband's pride, his solace—and, alas! his sorrow: but for the adventitious circumstance of birth, she would have been courted as an ornament to the highest rank of society. Her eldest boy (whom she lived to see a post-captain and a C. B.) was then at the age of twelve, a pupil of the reverend gentleman whose daughters I have described, and to her visit to whom my friend was indebted for the pleasure of her company.

After my round of presentations Maria kept me

close to her side; whilst the widow took an opportunity to direct an inquiry to the gallant lieutenant respecting some person she either *did*, or pretended to, know in his regiment (or his *corpse*, as she pronounced it); to which he, with all the attention due to the fair applicant, approached her to reply. This was exactly what she wanted; for one inquiry led on to another, during which she hemmed him in beyond all chance of retreat, until the servant announced dinner; when Mr. Temple leading the way with Mrs. Major Hamilton, he was followed by the lovely widow and her robust recruit. The parson led out one of the militia ladies, while the two captains, with due *esprit du corps*, returned the compliment to his daughters. A briefless barrister, whose voice was known every where *but in court*, and who, as a vocalist, was ever a welcome guest, preceded me in charge of the other *militia-woman*; while I, with Miss Temple on my arm, brought up the rear.

In vain my eye for some moments wandered in search of the angelic Maria. She was absent! Yet her chair was placed, and we had already discussed the soup ere she appeared gliding into the vacant chair. Never did human

form look more divine: her morning ride, her hurried toilet, and perhaps certain recollections, threw an unusual tinge of colour over her soft cheek. She was rallied by the widow on her coquetry in making such an elaborate toilet, though nothing could be more exquisitely delicate and simple than her dress and coiffure; and the lady even ventured one of her *vulgar* jokes in allusion to the absent *Mr. Tom*, ill-suited to the delicate ears and sensitive heart of the unhappy wife, "whose sorrows deep within her heart, were buried." But her soul was one of gentleness, and she "replied not." The philharmonic counsellor was her next neighbour; and, to do him justice, he was equally attentive to her as to the good things that liberally loaded the festive board.

The dinner was beyond verbal praise: more substantial homage was rendered to its merits; it was at once plentiful and elegant. All seemed happy, save the agonised lieutenant, who, in spite of the widow's wily caresses, never withdrew his eyes from the lower part of the table, where Miss Temple had fixed herself and me: when he made the signal to drink wine with her, a look of de-

spair, blended with tender recollections, shot from his flashing eye.

I burned to know the whole history of this love affair, which I felt so little inclination to frustrate; but that knowledge was only to come to me after an ordeal, which, to say the least of it, was very unenviable. The cloth removed, Pomona displayed her richest stores. Nothing could be *more* exquisite than the dessert; nothing on earth half so good as the first specimen of Sneyd's claret, to which the "*health of the ladies*" gave an additional zest.

To think of withdrawing before they had a song from the counsellor was a penance the ladies would never have submitted to; so, after doing homage to "King," "Lord Howe," (then the lion of the day,) "The Duke of York, and success to him," our host issued his mandate, *ex cathedra*, for "SILENCE! a song from the Counsellor!" One lady cried out, "Ah! Counsellor, '*All in the Downs;*'" another, '*Sally in our Alley.*' The authoress (before whom the bag-man seemed to quail) authoritatively demanded the '*Streamlet that flowed round her*'—"SILENCE, my dear

ladies," mildly interrupted the host, and all was *hushed.*

The 'Streamlet' accordingly did flow in pleasing measure from the harmonious throat of the vocalist; who, with a falsetto of wonderful powers and extent, did ample justice to Incledon's well-remembered cadences. A burst of thanks and applause, with a general bumper to "Counseller Earwig's health and song," (in which the ladies joined,) rewarded the elated barrister for his rich treat; who, in his turn, repaid the compliment by volunteering one more song for the ladies. "*Ah!*" cried the widow, "*let it be a long one, Counsellor,* as I used to say to my poor Mick." '*Black-eyed Susan*' followed; long enough, Heaven knows, but not too long for such a sweet and tuneful voice. This performed, the ladies retired.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Though Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas! has no charm for the soul
When softer devotions the senses invite.

THE pleasures of the table were, at all periods of my life, those possessing the least attractions for me, particularly after the ladies had withdrawn; so after a few rounds of grape-shot, and long before the sporting toasts* began to circulate, I escaped from the banquet, and repaired to the grand parlour. I entered abruptly, (for in truth I was but a novice,) and found only four of the females of the party assembled. These were the two Marias, and the two young ladies, daughters of the reverend and worshipful sovereign of Na-

* My Irish *fox-hunting* readers will know what I mean.

van: they, it seems, had been trying on my *cap*. Now a more ridiculous, feminine, and altogether unsoldier-like headpiece can hardly be imagined. It was of beaver; what is termed as a *hat-cap*, without brims, having a regimental, or at that period fanciful device in the front, which was almost overshadowed by a plume of half-a-dozen black ostrich feathers: thus making an approach to the full-dress bonnet of the Highland regiments, without its martial appearance. Above the many-coloured gaudy recruiting cockade, a light-blue hackle feather kept the plume within bounds. On a manly personage it would cut a ludicrous figure: on me it was perfectly in character.

It having gone the rounds of the company, I was lucky enough (query?) to enter in time to claim the privelege of a salute from the present wearer, the younger Miss Allbright, the eccentric; and the united voices of the other three supported my claim. She assented to it without *much* hesitation; and a sweet pretty-faced girl she was, if her affected, precise, and pedantic airs did not undo so much of Nature's kind handiwork.

Her elder sister was next pronounced debtor to

me in the same favor, which I solicited with as much assumed ardour as her pretensions looked for. The married Maria was then pointed out as the first offender, and one from whom I should demand a double penalty. With a respectful delicacy, *which she could not mistake*, I approached her to enforce the forfeit, and felt a general tremor overpower my whole frame. The exquisite modesty with which she submitted enhanced the delight I felt at the blissful salute. Next came my Dulcinea, who, with affected coyness, ran away to a dark corner, to bestow as well as receive with more intensity the "*kiss that scorned the eye of vulgar light.*" In the midst of this romping, the widow, followed by the three married ladies, entered; and the cause being explained, the widow, who, in her saunter in the garden, had decorated her head with dewy roses, seemed half-inclined to try my mettle! Neither of the militia-women were very inviting; and Mrs. G. Hamilton's matronly quiet beauty, and perfect delicacy of manners, formed a barrier against any such familiarity, even from a boy.

Determined, however, to have a fling at the widow, I induced her to incur the forfeit, to

which she, *nothing loth*, submitted; and after a warm and lengthened homage to her laughing lips, she pronounced me a "*wicked little devil*," and I became quite a favourite, until the re-appearance of the lieutenant threw me once more in the shady side of the widow's favor. I was played with as a toy for nearly an hour, during which time we danced, three couple and a half, to Miss Maria's music.

At length the entrance of the gentlemen, (not *much* the worse from the copious libations of the lawyer's claret,) changed the scene. The chanting counsellor seemed even improved in voice by the lubricious virtues of "Nat Sneyd's best." Coffee and cards succeeded. But not all the uproarious jokes and warm attentions of the handsome widow could dispel the discontent that hung on the brow of the lieutenant. He appeared to have made good all his lost ground in the old gentleman's favor, who, with a heart warmed by generous wine, and still more by the best feelings of our nature, now called him "*James*," then "*Arabin*," without the chilling "*Mister*." No one appeared more delighted at this reconciliation than the truly amiable and excellent Maria, the married;

none less pleased than Maria the single, who would scarcely deign him a moment's exclusive conversation, of which he seemed anxiously desirous. During our round game of *Pope Joan* she conducted herself with great vivacity, and indeed cleverness in doing the agreeable; making her guests pleased with themselves and with the entertainer.

It was long past twelve o'clock ere the merry party took their departure, lighted on their way by the beams of a resplendent moon; the widow laying an embargo on the lieutenant as her escort.

When once more left to my reflections, I felt myself haunted by a sense of shame and remorse. It is ever thus with first offences. I hardly closed my eyes the whole night: indeed, the morning's sun seemed to contend with the waning moon for the empire of light, long before my jaded eyes were closed in a brief and restless sleep.

END OF VOL. I.

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